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## REQUIEM ON THE RHINOCEROS.

ZOOLOGY, that modern Muse,  
In Regent's Park bewails her loss,  
Hark how, whilst tears her eyes suffuse,  
She mourns her gone Rhinoceros :

"Your holly with your cypress twine,  
And blend your mistletoe with yew.  
That loved Rhinoceros of mine  
Has paid the debt to Nature due.

"As 'twere a seven-fold shield, his hide  
Was proof 'gainst human thrust or throw.  
But that fell shaft which Death hath shied  
Lays Hog in toughest Armour low.

"Yet shall the Prince of Pachyderms,  
Although his vital spark hath fled,  
Become a banquet for the worms,  
As useless creatures do when dead?

"The Lion's or the Tiger's maw  
Sarcophagus more meet would be,  
Unless the medicine-men foresaw  
That with his tomb he'd disagree.

"But wheresoe'er his flesh have gone,  
We'll piously preserve his bones,  
Of him at least the skeleton  
Shall ne'er descend to Davy Jones.

"And fare his carcase how it may,  
No greedy grave shall gorge his skin.  
It shall be stuffed and stowed away  
A fit Museum's walls within.

"His snout, now sunk in brief repose,  
Again in mimic life shall rise,  
And so the horn upon his nose  
Continue pointing to the skies."

Punch.

## THE SWALLOWS.

AH! swallows, is it so?

Did loving lingering summer, whose slow pace  
Tarried among late blossoms, loth to go,  
Gather the darkening cloud-wraps round her  
face

And weep herself away in last week's rain?  
Can no new sunlight waken her again?

"Yes," one pale rose ablow  
Has answered from the trellised lane;  
The flickering swallows answer "No."

From out the dim grey sky  
The arrowy swarm breaks forth and specks the  
air,

While, one by one, birds wheel and float and  
fly,  
And now are gone, then suddenly are there;

Till to the heavens are empty of them all.  
Oh fly, fly south, from leaves that fade and fall,  
From shivering flowers that die;  
Free swallows, fly from winter's thrall,  
Ye who can give the gloom goodbye.

But what for us who stay  
To hear the winds and watch the boughs grow  
black,  
And in the soddened mornings, day by day,  
Count what lost sweets bestrew the nightly  
track  
Of frost-foot winter trampling towards his  
throne?

Swallows, who have the sunlight for your own,  
Fly on your sunward way;  
For you has January buds new-blown,  
For us the snows and gloom and grey.

On, on, beyond our reach,  
Swallows, with but your longing for a guide:  
Let the hills rise, let the waves tear the  
beach,  
Ye will not balk your course nor turn aside,  
But find the palms and twitter in the sun.  
And well for them whose eager wings have won  
The longed-for goal of light;  
But what of them in twilights-dun  
Who long but have no wings for flight?  
Cornhill Magazine. AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

## A MADAGASCAR SONG.

SWEET it is to rest amidst the shadows  
Of deep-foliaged forests in the mid-day,  
And to tarry till the evening breezes  
Bring their freshness.

Sweet it is, while resting in the shadows  
Of deep-foliaged forests, when the voices  
Of the women break upon the silence  
With their music.

They are singing of a youthful maiden,  
Weaving mats, or watching and dispersing  
All the intrusive birds that come to pillage  
In the rice-field.

Sweet the song! and sweet as maiden's kisses  
Are the dancers—gracefully and slowly  
Move—breathe gently—revel in the pleasures  
Ere they vanish.

Evening's breeze is waking; through the  
branches

Of the mountain trees the moon is shining.  
Homewards! homewards! Woman be pre-  
paring  
Night's refreshments!

Translated by Sir John Bowring.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
MENDELSSOHN.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

CHAPTER I.

FRANKFORT.

IN the summer of 1822 I was living in my native town of Frankfort—beautiful Frankfort—and, though barely eleven, was just beginning to be known in the town as “the little pianoforte player with the long hair.” The long hair was the best known thing about me, I think, for it was very long; still, I had actually played in public once, which my school-fellows thought a great wonder. I had been taught the piano by Aloys Schmitt, in a very irregular fashion, for he was always travelling; but he was fond of me, and I had quite a passion for him. The winter before, Schmitt had been in Berlin, and on his return told us of a wonderful boy, a grandson of Moses Mendelssohn the philosopher, who was not only a splendid player, but had composed quartets, symphonies, operas! Now I had composed too—Polonaises and Rondos, and Variations on “Schöne Minka,” which I thought extremely brilliant; and I worked at harmony and counterpoint, under the venerable old Vollweiler, with the greatest diligence. But that a boy, only two or three years older than myself, should be conducting the band to his own operas, seemed to me unheard of. True, I had read the same thing about Mozart; but then it was Mozart, and he was more a demigod than a musician. So I was not a little excited when Schmitt came to us one day with the news that Felix Mendelssohn was in Frankfort, with his father, mother, brother, and sisters, and that he, Schmitt, should bring him to see us the next day.

The house in which we lived really consisted of two—one tolerably modern, looking on to the river, and the other, an older one, adjoining the first, and facing a narrow street, which contained the only entrance to both houses. The windows at the back of the modern house overlooked the court, and one of them commanded the narrow passage leading from

it to the house door. At this window I took my stand at the hour which Schmitt had named for his visit, and, after waiting some time in the greatest impatience, was rewarded by seeing the door open and my master appear. Behind him was a boy, only a little bigger than myself, who kept leaping up till he contrived to get his hands on to Schmitt's shoulders, so as to hang on his back and be carried along for a few steps, and then slip off again. “He's jolly enough,” thought I, and ran off to the sitting-room to tell my parents that the eagerly-expected visitor had arrived. But great was my astonishment when I saw this same wild boy enter the room with quite a grave dignity, and, though very lively and talkative, yet all the time preserving a certain formality. He himself made even a greater impression on me than the account of his performances had done, and I could not help feeling a little shy during the whole of the visit.

The next day Schmitt called again, to take me to the Mendelssohns. I found the whole family assembled in a great room at the “Swan” hotel, and was very kindly received. I shall never forget the impression made on me by the mother—whom I was never to see again. She was sitting at work at a little table, and inquired about all that I was doing with an infinite kindness and gentleness that won my childish confidence from the very beginning.

There was a Frankfort quartet party in the room, but besides these I remember only young Edward Devrient, who pleased me very much, not only by his good looks and graceful ways, but also by his exquisite singing of an air of Mozart's. We had a great deal of music: Felix played one of his quartets—in C minor, if I recollect right; but I was most impressed by his sister Fanny's performance of Hummel's “Rondeau brillant in A,” which she played in a truly masterly style. Meantime I became more intimate with Felix, and at his second visit he astonished me immensely. I was showing him a violin sonata of Schmidt's when he at once took up a violin which lay on the piano and

asked me to play the sonata with him, and he got through his part very cleverly and well, though the brilliant passages were naturally somewhat sketchy.

Now that I had made Mendelssohn's acquaintance, I was constantly on the watch for news of him from the many artists who came from Berlin to Frankfort, and they were never tired of singing his praises. But it was not till some years later that his abilities made a full and permanent impression on me. The "Cæcilia" Society was then in all its freshness and vigour, under the admirable direction of Schelble. At one of the practice-meetings in the spring of 1825 Mendelssohn happened to be present, as he was passing through Frankfort on a holiday tour, and was asked to play. We had been singing choruses from "Judas Maccabæus." He took some of the principal melodies—especially "See the Conquering Hero"—and began to extemporize on them. I hardly know which was the most wonderful—the skilful counterpoint, the flow and continuity of the thoughts, or the fire, expression and extraordinary execution which characterized his playing. He must have been very full of Handel at that time, for the figures which he used were thoroughly Handelian, and the power and clearness of his passages in thirds, sixths, and octaves, were really grand; and yet it all belonged to the subject-matter, with no pretension to display, and was thoroughly true, genuine, living music. It quite carried me away, and though I often heard him afterwards, I do not think I ever received such an overpowering impression from his playing as I did on that occasion, when he was but a boy of sixteen. The next day, while still full of what I had heard, I met another pupil of Schmidt's, a lad of about twenty, long since dead. We talked about Mendelssohn, and he asked me how long I thought it would take to be able to do all that. I laughed. He thought that with two years' extra hard work it might be done. It was the first, though by no means the last, time that I came face to face with any one so

foolish as to think that genius can be got by practice.

His opinions on art and artists at that time, though full of the vivacity natural to his age, had yet in them something—what shall I call it?—over-ripe and almost dogmatic, which as he grew up not only became balanced, but entirely disappeared. We drove over one afternoon to see André at Offenbach. On the way, I told him that it was probable I should be sent to Weimar, to continue my studies under Hummel. With this he found no fault, but I remember that he spoke of Hummel very much in the condescending sort of tone in which Zelter, in his letters to Goethe, expresses himself about God and the world. And when we got to André's, I was struck with a certain precocious positiveness in his language, though all he said was full of the most genuine enthusiasm. André—one of the liveliest, brightest, and best informed of musicians, who retained his inexhaustible freshness to the end of a long life—retorted very sharply, though good-naturedly. André was one of those musicians who are completely wrapt up in Mozart, and who measure everything by the standard of Mozart's beauty and finish—a standard sufficient to condemn many of the finest things. Spohr's "Jes-sonda" and Weber's "Freischütz" were just then making their triumphant round of the theatres, and André had much to say against them. Mendelssohn, who knew by heart what the other could only allude to, agreed with him in some things, and differed in others, but was most enthusiastic about the instrumentation. "How the orchestra is treated! and what a sound it has!" cried he. The tone of voice in which he uttered this kind of thing still rings in my ear; but I am convinced that such utterances were more the result of a natural endeavour to imitate one's pet masters, than the real expression of his nature, which was always intensely modest. The discussion even got as far as Beethoven, whom André had often visited in Vienna. The worst thing he could find against him was his *manner* (so to speak) of composing, into which



this learned theorist had had a glimpse. For instance, he told us that he had seen the manuscript of the A major Symphony, and that there were whole sheets left blank in it, the pages before and after which had no connection with each other. Beethoven had told him that these blanks would be filled up—but “what continuity could there be in music so composed?” This Mendelssohn would not admit in the least, and kept on playing whole movements and bits of movements in his powerful orchestral style, till André was in such delight that he was obliged, for the moment, to stop his criticisms. Indeed, who could think of carping or cavilling after hearing Felix play the *Allegretto* of the A major Symphony?

A leaf from an album, containing a three-part canon, and dated “Ehrenbreitstein Valley, September 27th, 1827,” gives me the clue to my next meeting with Mendelssohn. During the interval I had been with Hummel at Weimar, and had made a journey with him to Vienna, where I had published my “Opus 1,” a pianoforte quartet. I was now again at work at home. I was looking into the court, this time by chance, just as a young man crossed it, whom I did not recognize, in a tall shiny hat. It turned out to be Mendelssohn, but apparently much altered in his looks. His figure had become broad and full, and there was a general air of smartness about him, with none of that careless ease which he sometimes adopted in later life. He was travelling with two of his fellow-students to Horchheim, near Coblenz, with the view of spending part of the holidays at his uncle’s place. He stayed only a short time at Frankfort, but long enough for me to see that since our last meeting he had grown into a man.

We were living with Schelble; and I embrace this opportunity to speak of that distinguished man and musician, more especially as he was one of the first to recognize Mendelssohn’s worth, and to devote all his influence to forwarding his music. Schelble was a thoroughly cultivated musician, remarkable as a pianist for his earnest and intelligent rendering

of classical works; his voice was a splendid baritone-tenor, which he had cultivated in the same spirit as his pianoforte playing, and he had formerly been on the stage in Vienna and Frankfort. His great musical abilities had brought him into contact with the best artists; he had had much intercourse with Beethoven, and was very intimate with Spohr. In spite however of the success which his singing had met with on the stage, he never felt at ease there—in fact, he seems to have had no talent for acting. Looking at his fine, noble, expressive, but usually serious countenance, and somewhat stiff bearing, one might have taken him for a scholar or a Protestant pastor, but certainly not for an opera singer. When, as a boy, I was first introduced to him, he had long given up the theatre, had obtained a first-rate position as teacher in Frankfort, and out of small beginnings had established his most important work, the “Cæcilia” Society. Perhaps no one ever possessed the qualities and ability necessary for conducting a choral society to so great a degree as Schelble. A pianist and a singer, eloquent and impressive, inspired for his work, respected by the men, adored by the women, uniting the greatest intelligence with the most delicate ear and the purest taste, his influence was equally great as a man and a musician. His oratorio performances, as long as they were accompanied by the pianoforte (the orchestra interferes too much with the voices) were among the best that have ever taken place. His spirit still pervades the Society; for many years it was conducted on the same principles by his pupil Messer; and at present Carl Müller is its efficient head.

Though Schelble wrote but little, he had gone very deeply into composition. His judgment, both in great and small things, was extraordinarily acute, and his remarks on compositions submitted to him were as interesting as they were suggestive.

As he had introduced Felix into the Society when a boy, and Felix, in his turn, had won its enthusiastic goodwill by his marvellous gift of improvisation,

so Schelble was the first, outside of Berlin, to perform Mendelssohn's choral works. Felix went to look him up directly after his arrival in Frankfort, and I accompanied him. The first things that Mendelssohn played to us were some of Moscheles' studies. They were but recently published, and Felix spoke of them with great warmth, and played several by heart with extraordinary energy and evident delight. But we wanted to hear something new of his own; and great was our astonishment when he played, in the most lovely, tender, charming style, his string quartet in A minor, which he had just completed. The impression it made on us gave him all the more pleasure, as the bent of this piece had not been appreciated amongst his own circle, and he had a feeling of isolation in consequence. And then he played the "Midsummer Night's Dream Overture!" He had told me privately how long and with what delight he had been working at it—how in his spare time between the lectures at the Berlin University he had gone on extemporizing at it on the piano of a beautiful lady who lived close by. "For a whole year I hardly did anything else," he said; and certainly he had not wasted his time.

Of the failure of "Camacho's Wedding," his opera which had been produced at Berlin in the previous spring, he spoke with a mixture of fun and half-subdued vexation. He took off, for my benefit, whole dialogues between various people concerned in it, trying to give them a dramatic effect—with how much truth I do not know, but anyhow, in the most amusing and life-like manner. But I need hardly put down my own poor and uncertain recollections of these communications, since Edward Devrient, who was so closely connected with the whole thing both as a friend and an artist, has given us a detailed account of this entire episode in Mendelssohn's life.

Felix invited me to accompany him and his friends at least as far as Bingen, and my parents gladly gave their consent to this little excursion. At Mainz, where we stayed the night, a small boat was hired (it was still the ante-steamboat time) and stocked with all manner of eatables and drinkables, and we floated down the glorious river in great spirits. We talked, and laughed, and admired everything; and as a specimen of the sort of jokes we indulged in, I remember Mendelssohn suddenly asking one of us, "Do you know the Hebrew for snuffers?"

When the "Mäusethurm" came in sight, and I said that my leave was at an end, and that I must be landed at Rüdesheim, they would not hear of my going, and I only too easily let myself be persuaded to remain. But my companions got out at Horchheim, and in the evening I found myself alone at Coblenz, in rather an uncomfortable position. The recollections of the journey home rise up so vividly before me, that my reader must kindly pardon me if I try to revive them here, more for my own satisfaction than for his.

My small store of money was very much on the decline—even in the boat I had had a vague suspicion of it—but on no account would I have borrowed from my fellow-travellers. Giving up all idea of supper I went to the Post, and after I had paid for a place in the coach to Bingen, found I had still twelve consolatory kreutzers (about 4d.) Early in the morning I got to Bingen, and proceeded to the river-bank, which still looked quite deserted; but the sun was rising, and it was beautifully cool and still. After a time a boatman came up half asleep and asked whether I wanted to go across. "If you will put me over to Rüdesheim," I said, "then may Heaven reward you, for I can't give you more than six kreutzers." The man had a feeling heart in his breast, and probably thought that something was better than nothing, so he very cheerfully took me over to the other side. It was a glorious morning; my spirits rose, and I began my wandering through the lovely Rheingau with a glad heart. My last six kreutzers I spent in bread and pears to keep me alive; but I had thought of a haven, into which, literally speaking, I hoped to run, and where I trusted my wants would be at an end. At Biebrich, then the capital of the Duchy of Nassau, lived the Court-Capellmeister Rummel, whom I knew. He was a good-natured man, and a clever composer, who rather abused his facility of producing; however, he must have had his admirers, for at every Frankfort fair his name was to be seen paraded in the music shop of the famous Schott and Co. How often, and how enviously, had I stood as a boy in front of the shop, and read the many titles of his compositions! It was about ten in the morning when I entered his room, and received a hearty welcome. After the first greetings I went to the piano, and asked him to show me his latest compositions, which he gladly did.

I played a Sonata, another Sonata, a Fantasia, a Rondo, Variations — and always went on begging for more, till the maid came in with a steaming soup-tureen. "Won't you stay and dine?" said the Capellmeister, rather, as it seemed to me in my anxiety, as if he was driven to it. "Gladly," I answered, once more breathing freely — I was saved! After dinner he kindly accompanied me to Castel, and, as he knew all about the local arrangements, took a place for me, in a kind of stage called a *hauderer*, to Frankfort. I got home safe, the coachman was paid, I recounted my adventures, showed Mendelssohn's album-leaf, and all was well. Oh, the happy days of youth!

## CHAPTER II.

PARIS: DECEMBER 1831 TO APRIL 1832.

MENDELSSOHN's published letters show how variously he was affected by his visit to the French capital — at that time the capital of Europe. What happened to him elsewhere, when in contact with persons, performances, and circumstances against which he had a prejudice, and from which he would have preferred keeping himself at a distance, happened here also, — after some resistance, he was taken possession of by them.

The few years which followed the Revolution of July are among the best in modern French history. The impression of the "Three days" was still fresh in people's minds; everything had received a new impetus, and literature and the arts especially were full of a wonderfully stirring and exuberant life. As to our beloved music, one could hardly wish for a better state of things. The Conservatoire concerts, under Habeneck, were in all their freshness; and Beethoven's Symphonies were played with a perfection, and received with an enthusiasm, which, with few exceptions, I have never since experienced. Cherubini was writing his Masses for the Chapel in the Tuileries; at the Grand Opera Meyerbeer was beginning his series of triumphs with "Robert the Devil;" Rossini was writing "William Tell;" Scribe and Auber were at the height of their activity, and all the best singers were collected at the Italian Opera. Artists of all degrees of distinction lived in Paris, or came there to win Parisian laurels.

Baillot, though advancing in years, still played with all the fire and poetry of youth; Paganini had given a series of

twelve concerts at the Grand Opera; Kalkbrenner, with his brilliant execution, represented the Clementi school; Chopin had established himself in Paris a few months before Mendelssohn's arrival; and Liszt, still inspired by the tremendous impetus he had received from Paganini, though seldom heard in public, did the most extraordinary things. German chamber-music was not so much in vogue as it afterwards became, but still Baillot's quartet-party had its fanatical supporters, and in many German and French houses the most serious music was affectionately cultivated, and good players were welcomed with delight. Under such circumstances, it may easily be imagined how warmly Mendelssohn was greeted in the best musical circles.

The first thing that I remember connected with his arrival is "Walpurgisnacht." I still see before me the small, close, delicately written score, as he brought it from Italy. I had it in my room for a long time, and was as delighted with it at the first reading as I have always been since. So strongly did it impress itself upon me, that the music was still perfectly familiar to me sixteen or seventeen years after, when I heard it and conducted it for the first time. Another piece which he played us was the Song without Words in E (Book I, No. 1). He had written it in Switzerland, and evidently felt impatient that his friends should hear it; for immediately after his arrival he played it to Dr. Franck and myself, calling it by its newly-invented name, so often misused since. Pieces of music which one has learnt to know shortly after their composition, and which afterwards have a great popularity, are like people whom one knew as children before they became famous, and one retains through life a kind of fatherly, or at any rate godfatherly, feeling for them.

The first time I heard Mendelssohn in his fulness was one evening at the house of the Leo-Valentinis, in Beethoven's D major trio. It was a peculiarity of his, that when he played new things of his own to intimate friends, he always did it with a certain reticence, which was evidently founded on the feeling of not allowing his playing to increase the impression made by the actual work itself. It was only in orchestral works, where his attention was so fully occupied, that he allowed himself to be carried away. But in the music of the great masters he was all fire and glory. I heard him oftenest and at his best that winter, at Baillot's

house, and at that of an old and much respected lady, Madame Kiéné, whose daughter, Madame Bigot (then dead), had given Felix a few music lessons, when he was quite young. With Baillot he played Bach and Beethoven Sonatas, Mozart Concertos with quartet accompaniment, and splendid extempore cadenzas; also his own Piano-forte Quartet in B minor, and other things. Baillot's circle was small, but thoroughly musical and cultivated, and everything was listened to with a sort of pious devotion. Mendelssohn had brought with him to Paris the draught-score of the "Hebrides" Overture. He told me that not only had its form and colour been suggested to him by the sight of Fingal's Cave, but that the first few bars, containing the principal subject, had actually occurred to him on the spot. The same evening he and Klingemann paid a visit at the house of a Scotch family. There was a piano in the drawing-room, but being Sunday, music was utterly out of the question, and Mendelssohn had to employ all his diplomacy to get the instrument opened for a single minute, so that he and Klingemann might hear the theme which forms the germ of that original and masterly Overture, which, however, was not completed till some years later at Düsseldorf.

Among the Parisian musicians, Habeneck took a deep interest in the gifted youth, and many of the admirable players of his orchestra were devoted to him, especially the younger ones, many of them friends of my own, whom he was always glad to see, and who clung to him with all the warm feeling of Frenchmen. Amongst them I ought especially to mention Franchomme, the violoncello player, and Cuvillon and Sauzey, violin players and pupils of Baillot—the latter afterwards his son-in-law.

"Ce bon Mendelssohn," they used to say; "quel talent, quelle tête, quelle organization!" Cuvillon poured out his whole heart to him, and Felix was quite touched when he told me of his confidences one evening—how he had come to Paris full of enthusiasm for Baillot, to have lessons from him, and had fancied that such a man must live like a prince; how he had pictured to himself his establishment and all his way of life; and then to find this king of fiddlers *au troisième*, in almost reduced circumstances, giving lessons the whole day long, accompanying young ladies on the piano, and playing in the orchestra! It had made him

quite sad, and he could not imagine the possibility of such a state of things.

It was through Habeneck and his "Société des Concerts" that Mendelssohn was introduced to the Parisian public. He played the Beethoven G major Concerto—with what success may be seen from his published letters. The "Midsummer Night's Dream Overture" was also performed and much applauded. I was present at the first rehearsal. The second oboe was missing—which might have been overcome; but just as they were going to begin, the drummer's place was also discovered to be empty. Upon which, to everybody's amusement, Mendelssohn jumped on to the orchestra, seized the drumsticks, and beat as good a roll as any drummer in the Old Guard. For the performance a place had been given him in a box on the grand tier, beside a couple of distinguished musical amateurs. During the last *forte*, after which the fairies return once more, one of these gentlemen said to the other: "C'est très-bien, très-bien, mais nous savons le reste;" and they slipped out without hearing the "reste," and without any idea that they had been sitting next the composer.

The termination of Mendelssohn's connection with that splendid orchestra was unpleasant, and hurt him much. His Reformation Symphony was proposed to be given, and a rehearsal took place. I was not present, but the only account which our young friends gave me was that the work did not please the orchestra: at any rate, it was not performed. Cuvillon's description was that it was "much too learned, too much *fugato*, too little melody," &c., &c. To a certain extent the composer probably came round to this opinion, for the Symphony was not published during his lifetime. But at the time I am writing of he was very fond of it, and the quiet way in which it was shelved certainly pained him. I never referred to the occurrence, and he never spoke of it to me.

A few other far more painful events took place during that Paris winter. One morning Mendelssohn came into my room in tears, and at first could find no words to tell me that his friend Edward Rietz, the violinist, was dead. Everything that he said about him, the way in which he described his ways and his playing, all showed how deeply the loss affected him. In his published correspondence, years after, I found his grief expressing itself in a higher and calmer



strain, but at first it was difficult for him to control himself in the very least.

Then came the news of Goethe's death, which touched me also very deeply, though a life of such wonderful completeness should perhaps dispose one more to admiration than to regret. Mendelssohn gave me a most detailed account of his last visit to the "alter Herr," and of the sketch he had given him on the piano of the progress of modern music from Bach to Beethoven. He spoke very feelingly of the terrible loss Goethe's death would be to old Zelter, adding: "You will see, he will not long survive it." He was right — a few months later, and Zelter followed the friend who had granted him a little corner in his palace of immortality.

On the whole, as we may also see from his published letters, Mendelssohn led a pleasant easy-going life in Paris, and gave himself up to the enjoyment of the moment without hesitation. A large part of his time was devoted to chess; he was a capital player, and his usual antagonists, Michael Beer, the poet, a brother of Meyerbeer's, and Dr. Hermann Franck, only occasionally succeeded in beating him. Franck would not allow that he was inferior, and upon this Mendelssohn invented a phrase which he relentlessly repeated after every victory: "We play quite equally well — *quite equally* — only I play a very little better."

Of Meyerbeer, who was always a very sincere admirer of his talent, Mendelssohn saw but little. A funny little story occurred early in the visit. Mendelssohn was often told that he was very like the composer of "Robert;" and at first sight his figure and general appearance did perhaps give some ground for the idea, especially as they both wore their hair in the same style. I sometimes teased Mendelssohn about it, but it seriously annoyed him, and at last one morning he appeared with his hair cut completely short. The affair excited much amusement in our set, especially when Meyerbeer heard of it; but he took it up with his usual invincible good-nature, and in the nicest way.

Chopin had been at Munich at the same time with Mendelssohn, and had given concerts there, and otherwise exhibited his remarkable abilities. When he arrived in Paris, as a complete stranger, he met with a very kind reception from Kalkbrenner, who, indeed, well deserved the highest praise as a most polished, clever, and agreeable host.

Kalkbrenner fully recognized Chopin's talent, though in rather a patronizing way. For instance, he thought his *technique* not sufficiently developed, and advised him to attend a class which he had formed for advanced pupils. Chopin, always soft and yielding, was unwilling to refuse outright, and went a few times to see what it was like. When Mendelssohn heard of this he was furious, for he had a great opinion of Chopin's talent, while, on the other hand, he had been annoyed at Berlin by Kalkbrenner's charlatanism. One evening at the Mendelssohns' house there, Kalkbrenner played a grand Fantasia, and when Fanny asked him if it was an improvisation, he answered that it was. The next morning, however, they discovered the improvised Fantasia, published note for note under the title of "Effusio musica." That Chopin, therefore, should submit to pass for a pupil of Kalkbrenner's seemed to Mendelssohn, and with justice, to be a perfect absurdity, and he freely expressed his opinion on the matter. Meantime, the thing very soon came to its natural conclusion. Chopin gave a soirée at the Playel rooms; all the musical celebrities were there; he played his E minor Concerto, some of his Mazurkas and Nottunos, and took everybody by storm. After which no more was heard of any want of *technique*, and Mendelssohn had his triumph.

The relations between Kalkbrenner and Mendelssohn were always somewhat insecure, but Kalkbrenner's advances were such that Mendelssohn could not altogether decline them. We dined there together a few times, and everything went quite smoothly, though, in spite of all entreaties, Felix could never be persuaded to touch the keys of Kalkbrenner's piano. Indeed, we were none of us very grateful for Kalkbrenner's civilities, and took a wicked pleasure in worrying him. I remember that one day, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Liszt, and I, had established ourselves in front of a café on the Boulevard des Italiens, at a season and an hour when our presence there was very exceptional. Suddenly we saw Kalkbrenner coming along. It was his great ambition always to represent the perfect gentleman, and knowing how extremely disagreeable it would be to him to meet such a noisy company, we surrounded him in the friendliest manner, and assailed him with such a volley of talk that he was nearly driven to despair, which of course delighted us. Youth has no mercy.

I must here tell a little story—if indeed it deserves the name—to show what mad spirits Mendelssohn was capable of at that time. We were coming home across the deserted boulevard at a late hour, in earnest conversation, when Mendelssohn suddenly stops and calls out:—

"We *must* do some of our jumps in Paris! our jumps, I tell you! now for it! one!—two!—three!—" I don't think mine were very brilliant, for I was rather taken aback by the suggestion, but I shall never forget the moment.

Soon after Mendelssohn's arrival in Paris, Dr. Franck and I were waiting for him in his room, when he came in with a beaming face and declared that he had just seen "a miracle—a real miracle;" and in answer to our questions he continued, "Well, isn't it a miracle? I was at Erard's with Liszt, showing him the manuscript of my Concerto, and though it is hardly legible, he played it off at sight in the most perfect manner, better than anybody else could possibly play it—quite marvellously!" I confess I was not so much surprised, having long known from experience that Liszt played most things best the first time, because they gave him enough to do. The second time he always had to add something, for his own satisfaction.

Of Ole Bull, the violin player, afterwards so famous, I have a few recollections. He had just escaped from the theological schools, and was in Paris for the first time. His enthusiasm for music was boundless, but of his own special talent he gave no sign whatever. He was the pleasantest listener imaginable, and his views about music and musicians, expressed in very doubtful but not the less amusing German, were a real treat to us. We often invited him to dinner, and played to him endlessly. A few years later, I saw him again as the celebrated virtuoso, but the Swedish element which so delighted me at first, had become rather a mannerism.

Mendelssohn went occasionally to see Cherubini. "What an extraordinary creature he is!" said Felix to me one day. "You would fancy that a man could not be a great composer without sentiment, heart, feeling, or whatever else you like to call it; but I declare I believe Cherubini makes everything out of his head." On another occasion he told me that he had been showing him an eight-part composition, *a capella* (I think it was his "Tu es Petrus"), and

added, "The old fellow is really too pedantic: in one place I had a suspended third in two parts, and he wouldn't pass it on any condition." Some years later, happening to speak of this incident, Mendelssohn said: "The old man was right after all; one ought not to write them."

Felix's wonderful musical memory was a great source of enjoyment to us all as well as to himself. It was not learning by heart, so much as retention,—and to what an extent! When we were together, a small party of musical people, and the conversation flagged, he would sit down to the piano, play some out-of-the-way piece, and make us guess the composer. On one occasion he played us an air from Haydn's "Seasons;" "The traveller stands perplex, Uncertain and forlorn," in which not a note of the elaborate violin accompaniment was wanting. It sounded like a regular pianoforte piece, and we stood there a long time, "uncertain and forlorn." The Abbé Bardin, a great musical amateur, used to get together a number of musicians and amateurs at his house once a week in the afternoons, and a great deal of music was got through very seriously and thoroughly even without rehearsals. I had just played the Beethoven E flat Concerto in public, and they asked for it again on one of these afternoons. The parts were all there, and the string quartet too, but no players for the wind. "I will do the wind," said Mendelssohn, and sitting down to a small piano which stood near the grand one, he filled in the wind parts from memory, so completely, that I don't believe a note even of the second horn was wanting. And he did it all as simply and naturally as if it were nothing.

It was a famous time. When we had no engagements we generally met in the afternoons. We willingly gave up lunch so as not to have to go out in the mornings, but a little before dinner-time we used to get so frightfully hungry that a visit to the confectioner was absolutely necessary. I believe we fasted simply to get an excuse for indulging this passion. In the evening we often went to the theatre—oftenest to the Gymnase Dramatique, for which Scribe at that time wrote almost exclusively, and where a charming actress, Léontine Fay, had completely taken possession of us. She acted in Scribe's plays the parts of the young wives who get into doubtful situations, which call into play all their grace and common sense. She was a slender



brunette, with wonderful dark eyes, indescribably graceful in her movements, and a voice that went straight to your heart. The celebrated Taglioni, the first to make the great name famous through the world, was also one of our favourites. No one ever made me feel the poetry of dancing and pantomime as she did; it is impossible to imagine anything more beautiful and touching than her performance of the Sylphide. Börne says of her somewhere, "She flutters around herself, and is at once the butterfly and the flower," but this pretty picture conveys only a part of her charms.

I had written a pianoforte Concerto not long before, and played it in public, but the last movement did not please me, and having to play it again during this Mendelssohn winter, I determined to write a new Finale, which I secretly intended should be a picture of Léontine Fay. I had begun it, but the concert was to come off so soon that Mendelssohn declared I should not get my work done in time. This of course I denied, so we made a bet of a supper upon it. My friend's opposition excited me to make a real trial of skill, and I scored the orchestral part of the whole movement without putting down a note of the solo part. The copyist too, did his best, and the result was that I contrived to play the Concerto with the new Finale on the appointed day. Felix paid for the supper, and Labarre, the well-known harpist, a handsome, clever, and amusing fellow, was invited to join us. How far the portrait of Léontine Fay was successful, I leave to be decided by its own merits, though Felix confessed that it was not unlike her.

In the midst of all these distractions, Mendelssohn made use of every quiet hour for work, much of which was a complete contrast to his actual life at the time. It consisted generally of putting the last touches to former pieces, such as church music, his string Quintet in A, &c. Of quite new music he did not write much to speak of during those months, but still I remember his playing me some new songs, and short pianoforte pieces. I had just completed my first three Trios, and the very warm and friendly interest which he took in my work was often a great help to me. When he liked a thing he liked it with his whole heart, but if it did not please him, he would sometimes say and do the

most singular things. One day when I had been playing him some composition of mine, long since destroyed, he threw himself down on the floor and rolled about all over the room. Happily there was a carpet! Many an evening we spent quite quietly together talking about art and artists, over the cheerful blazing fire. On great things we always agreed, but our views on Italian and French composers differed considerably, I being a stronger partisan for them than he. He sometimes did not spare even the masters whom he thought most highly of. He once said of Handel that one might imagine he had had his different musical drawers, one for his warlike, another for his heathen, and a third for his religious choruses.

Speaking of the Opera in general he said that he thought it had not yet produced so perfect and complete a masterpiece as "William Tell" and others of Schiller's dramas, but that it must be capable of things equally great, whoever might accomplish them. Though fully alive to the weak points of Weber's music, he had a very strong and almost personal feeling for him. When Weber came to Berlin to conduct the performance of "Freischütz," Mendelssohn declared that he did not dare to approach him, and that once when Weber was driving to the Mendelssohns' after a rehearsal, and wanted to take Felix with him, he obstinately refused the honour, and then ran home by a short cut at such a pace as to be ready to open the door for the Herr Hof-Capellmeister on his arrival. Of all Mozart's works, I think the "Magic Flute" was the one he liked best. It seemed to him so inexpressibly wonderful, that with such perfectly artistic consciousness, and the simplest means, it was possible to express exactly what one wanted, neither more nor less, and with such beauty and completeness.

I was, unfortunately, obliged to leave Paris a few weeks before Mendelssohn, as my parents wanted me at home. He and some other young friends came to the well-known post-house in the Rue J.-J. Rousseau to see me off. "I really envy you," he cried, "going off to Germany for the spring; it's the best thing in the world!" After my departure, during the latter part of his stay in Paris, he had an attack of cholera, but, fortunately, not severe. From Paris he went to London, and never returned to the French capital.

## CHAPTER III.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE AND DUSSELDORF,  
MAY, 1834.*Felix Mendelssohn to his mother.\**

DUSSELDORF, the 23rd of May, 1834.

A WEEK ago to-day I drove to Aix-la-Chapelle with the two Worings; an order from the Cabinet, five days before the festival, had given permission for it to be held at Whitsuntide, and this order was so worded as to render it very probable that the permission would be extended to future years. It took us eleven hours' posting, and I was fearfully bored and arrived cross. We went straight to the rehearsal, and I heard a few numbers of "Deborah," sitting in the stalls; then I told Worings that I must write at once to Hiller from there, the first time for two years, because he had done his task so well. Really his work was so modest, and sounded so well, though all the time quite subordinate to Handel, without cutting anything out; and it delighted me to find some one thinking as I do, and doing just as I should. I noticed a man with a moustache, in the front row of boxes, reading the score, and after the rehearsal, as he came down into the theatre and I went up, we met behind the scenes, and sure enough it was Ferdinand Hiller, who tumbled into my arms ready to squeeze me to death for joy. He had come from Paris to hear the oratorio, and Chopin had cut his lessons to come with him, and so we met once more. I could now thoroughly enjoy the festival, for we three stayed together, and got a box for ourselves in the theatre where the performances were held; and the next morning of course we were all at the piano, and that was a great delight to me. They have both improved in execution, and as a pianoforte player Chopin is now one of the very first; quite a second Paganini, doing entirely new things, and all sorts of impossibilities which one never thought could be done. Hiller is also a capital player, with plenty of power, and knows how to please. They both labour a little under the Parisian love for effect and strong contrasts, and often sadly lose sight of time and calmness and real musical feeling; perhaps I go too far the other way, so we mutually supply our deficiencies, and all three learn from each other, I think; meanwhile I felt rather like a schoolmaster, and they seemed rather like *Mirliflores* or *incroyables*. After the festival we travelled together to Düsseldorf, and had a very pleasant day with music and talk; yesterday I accompanied them to Cologne, and this morning they went up to Coblenz by steamer—I came down again, and the charming episode was at an end.

In the interest of my readers I should hardly be able to add anything to this delightful letter. But I cannot resist the temptation of going over this "charming episode" once more, pen in hand, recap-

itulating and dwelling on it, even where it does not especially concern the friend to whom these pages are consecrated.

In the summer of 1833 I was living in my mother's house in Frankfort, having lost my father in the spring; I was then very much taken up with Handel's Oratorios, the scores of which had been kindly put at my disposal by Ferdinand Ries. "Deborah" I had not seen before, and it so pleased me that I began translating it into German, without any definite purpose, though I happened to tell Ries what I was doing. On my return to Paris with my mother in the autumn, I got a letter from Ries, asking if I felt disposed to translate "Deborah" and write additional accompaniments, for the next Lower Rhine Musical Festival. It was to be completed by the New Year. I accepted the proposal with the greatest delight, got it all done by the appointed time, and as a reward was invited to the Festival. Chopin, with whom I was in daily and intimate intercourse, easily let himself be persuaded to go with me, and we were busy making our travelling plans when news arrived that the Festival was not to take place at Whitsuntide, though possibly later. We had hardly reconciled ourselves to postponing our journey, when we heard that after all permission had been granted for the Festival to be held at Whitsuntide. I hurried to Chopin with the news, but with a melancholy smile he answered that it was no longer in his power to go. The fact was that Chopin's purse was always open to assist his emigrant Polish countrymen; he had put aside the necessary means for the journey; but the journey having been postponed, forty-eight hours had been quite sufficient to empty his money-box. As I would not on any condition give up his company, he said, after much consideration, that he thought he could manage it, produced the manuscript of his lovely E flat waltz, ran off to Pleyel's with it, and came back with 500 francs! Who was happier then than I? The journey to Aix-la-Chapelle was most successful. I had the honour to be quartered in the house of the "Oberbürgermeister," and Chopin got a room close by. We went straight to the rehearsal of "Deborah," and there, to my great surprise and delight, I met Mendelssohn, who immediately joined us. At that time they seemed not to have much idea of his greatness at Aix-la-Chapelle, and it was only twelve years later, the year before his death, that they made up their minds

\* From the published Letters. Vol. ii.

to confide the direction of the Festival to him.

With the exception of some parts of "Deborah," my impressions of the performances are quite effaced. But I distinctly remember the day we spent together at Düsseldorf, where the Academy, recently revived by Schadow, was then in the full vigour of youth. Mendelssohn had conducted the festival there in the spring, and entered on his functions as musical director in the autumn. He had a couple of pretty rooms on the ground floor of Schadow's house, was working at "St. Paul," associated a great deal with the young painters, kept a horse, and was altogether in a flourishing condition. The whole morning we spent at his piano playing to each other. Schadow had invited us for a walk in the afternoon. The general appearance and tone of the company in which we found ourselves made an impression on me that I shall never forget. It was like a prophet with his disciples—Schadow, with his noble head, his manner at once dignified and easy, and his eloquent talk, surrounded by a number of young men, many of them remarkably handsome, and most of them already great artists, who nevertheless listened to him in humble silence, and seemed to think it perfectly natural to be lectured by him. It had become so completely a second nature to Schadow, even outside the studio, to act the master, animating and encouraging, or even severely lecturing, that when Felix announced his intention of accompanying us to Cologne on the following day, he asked him in a serious tone what would become of "St. Paul" with all these excursions and distractions. Mendelssohn answered quietly, but firmly, that it would all be ready in good time. We ended the walk with coffee and a game at bowls; and Felix, who had been on horseback, lent me his horse to ride home on. Chopin was a stranger to them all, and with his usual extreme reserve had kept close to me during the walk, watching everything, and making his observations to me in the softest of voices. Schadow, always hospitable, asked us to come again in the evening, and we then found some of the most rising young painters there. The conversation soon became very animated, and all would have been right if poor Chopin had not sat there so silent and neglected. However, Mendelssohn and I knew that he would have his revenge, and secretly rejoiced at the thought. At last the piano

was opened; I began, Mendelssohn followed; then we asked Chopin to play, and rather doubtful looks were cast at him and us. But he had hardly played a few bars, before everybody in the room, especially Schadow, was transfixed;—nothing like it had ever been heard. They were all in the greatest delight, and begged for more and more. Count Altmaviva had dropped his disguise, and every one was dumb.

The next day Felix accompanied us on the steamer to Cologne, where we arrived late in the afternoon. He took us to see the Apostles' Church, and then to the Bridge, where we parted in rather a comic way. I was looking down into the river, and made some extravagant remark or other, upon which Mendelssohn calls out: "Hiller getting sentimental; heaven help us! Adieu, farewell"—and he was gone.

A year afterwards I got the following letter:—

DÜSSELDORF, February, 26th, 1835.

DEAR HILLER,—I want to ask you a favour. No doubt you will think it very wrong of me to begin my first letter in this way, and not to have written you long since of my own accord. I think so myself; but when you consider that I am the worst correspondent in the world, and also the most overworked man (Louis Philippe perhaps excepted), you will surely excuse me. So pray listen to the following request, and think of happier times, and then you will fulfil it.

You will remember from last year how the second day at the musical festivals is generally arranged. A Symphony, an Overture, and two or three large pieces for chorus and orchestra, something of the style and length of Mozart's "Davidde penitente;" or even shorter and more lively, or with quite secular words, or only one long piece—such as Beethoven's "Meerestille," for instance. I am to conduct the Cologne Festival this time, and I want to know whether Cherubini has written anything that would do for the second day's performance, and whether, if in manuscript, he would let me have it. You told me that you were on very good terms with him, and I am sure you can get me the best information on the point. If printed, pray say what you think of it, and give me the full title, that I may send for it. The words may be Latin, Italian, or French, and the contents, as I said before, sacred or otherwise. The chief condition is merely that it should employ both chorus and orchestra; and if it were a piece of some length, say half an hour, I should like it to be in several movements; or, if there is no long piece, I should even like a single short one. It appears that he wrote a number of grand Hymns for the Revolution, which ought to be very fine—might not one of these do? It is impossible to

see anything of that kind here, while it would only take you a couple of hours or a walk or two; so I am convinced you can do what I ask, especially as you are intimate with Cherubini, and he will therefore tell you directly what he has written in this line, and where it is to be found.

It would of course be best if we could get hold of something quite unknown to musicians. You may imagine how glad the whole committee, and all the company of Oberbürgermeisters, and the entire town of Cologne, and all the rest, would be to write to Cherubini, to make this application, and of course they would also willingly be charged something for it; but, with his strange ways, they might catch him in an evil hour, and probably he does not care much about it: therefore it is better for you to undertake the matter, and write to me what is to be done next. All that I want is to have nothing but really fine music on the second day, and that is why this request is important to me, and why I count on your fulfilling it.

Then I shall at the same time hear how life goes with you on your railway. Sometimes I hear about it through the *Messenger* or the *Constitutionnel*, when you give a *Soirée*, or play Bach's Sonatas with Baillot; but it is always very short and fragmentary. I want to know if you have any regular and continuous occupation, whether you have been composing much, and what, and if you are coming back to Germany. So you see I am the same as ever.

My Oratorio will be quite ready in a few weeks, and I hear from Schelble that it is to be performed by the Cæcilia Society in October. I have some new pianoforte things, and shall shortly publish some of them. I always think of you and your warning whenever an old-fashioned passage comes into my head, and hope to get rid of such ideas. You will of course conclude from this that I often think of you, but that you might believe anyhow. My three Overtures are not out yet; Härtel writes to me to-day that they are at the binder's, and will be here in a few days. I shall send you a copy as I promised at the first opportunity, and as soon as my new Symphony comes out, you shall have that too. I will gladly release you from your promise of sending me those plaster caricatures in return, and ask you instead to let me have some copies of new compositions — which I should like a great deal better. Remember me to Chopinotto, and let me know what new things he has been doing; tell him that the Military band here serenaded me on my birthday, and that amongst other things they played his B flat Mazurka with trombones and big drum; the part in G flat with two bass bassoons was enough to kill one with laughing. *A propos*, the other day I saw Berlioz's Symphony, arranged by Liszt, and played it through, and once more could not imagine how you can see anything in it. I cannot conceive anything more insipid, wearisome, and Philistine, for with all his endeavours to go stark mad, he never once succeeds; and as to your Liszt with his two fingers on

one key, what does a poor provincial like me want with him? What is the good of it all? But still it must be nicer in Paris than here, even if it were only for Frau v. S. (Frau v. M.'s sister), who is really too pretty, and is now in Paris (here there's not a soul that's pretty). And then there's plenty of agreeable society (remember me to Cuvillon, Sauzay, and Liszt, also to Baillot a thousand times; but not to Herr — nor Madame — nor the child; and tell Chopin to remember me to Eichthal), and it's always so amusing there, — but still I wish you would come to Germany again.

But I have gossiped long enough. Mind you answer very soon, as soon as you can tell me what I want to know, and remember me to your mother, and keep well and happy.

Your

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

DÜSSELDORF, March 14, 1835.

DEAR HILLER, — Many thanks for your dear kind letter, which gave me very great pleasure. It's not right of you to say that I should be obliged on account of the business to write to you again, because I should have done so at any rate; and if you want to try, you had better answer this very soon, and then you will see how I shall write again. I should so like to know all about your life, and what you do, and be able to picture it to myself thoroughly. About my own I have not much to say, but there is no thought of my leaving Germany and going to England; who can have told you such a thing? Whether I stay at Düsseldorf longer than I am bound by my contract, which comes to an end next October, is another question; for there is simply nothing to be done here in the way of music, and I long for a better orchestra, and shall probably accept another offer that I have had. I wanted to be quite free again for a few years, and go on a sort of art-journey, and snap my fingers at musical directorships and the like, but my father does not wish it, and in this I follow him unconditionally. You know that from the very beginning all I wanted was to get real quiet here for the writing of some larger works which will be finished by then; and so I hope to have made use of my stay. Besides it is very pleasant, for the painters are capital good people, and lead a jolly life; and there is plenty of taste and feeling for music here; only the means are so limited that it is unprofitable in the long run, and all one's trouble goes for nothing. I assure you that at the beat, they all come in separately, not one with any firmness, and in the *pianos* the flute is always too loud, and not a single Düsseldorf can play a triplet clearly, but a quaver and two semiquavers instead, and every *Allegro* leaves off twice as fast as it began, and the oboe plays E natural in C minor, and they all carry their fiddles under their coats when it rains, and when it is fine they don't cover them at all — and if you once heard me conduct this orchestra, not even four horses could bring you there



a second time. And yet there is a musician or two among them, who would do credit to any orchestra, even to your Conservatoire; but that is just the misery in Germany; the bass trombones and the drum and the double bass are capital, and all the others quite abominable. There is also a choral society of 120 members, which I have to coach once a week, and they sing Handel very well and correctly, and in the winter there are six subscription concerts, and in the summer every month a couple of masses, and all the *dilettanti* fight each other to the death and nobody will sing the solos, or rather everybody wants to, and they hate putting themselves forward, though they are always doing it—but you know what music is in a small German town—Heaven help us! This is certainly rather an odd way of coming back to the question of your returning to Germany. But still the very agreeable and telling way in which you refused my dinner-invitation does not yet repel me. On the contrary, I should like you for once to answer the question seriously: Is there any condition on which you would like to live in Germany? and if so, what? As we said in front of the Post-house at Aix-la-Chapelle, we shall never get far in the matter with theoretical discussions. But now I should like to know whether, if for instance a place like Hummel's, or like Spohr's at Cassel, or Grund's at Meiningen, in short any "Capellmeister's" place at one of the small courts were vacant, you would accept such a thing, and allow it to determine you to leave Paris? Would the pecuniary advantages be of any great importance to you? or are you not thinking of coming back in any case? or are you too much tied by the attractions and excitements of your present life? Pray don't be vexed with me for all these questions, and answer them as fully as you can. It is always possible that such a place may turn up in Germany, and you can imagine how I should like to have you nearer, both for my own sake and the sake of good music.

And now to business; and first I must thank you very much for the prompt and satisfactory way in which you have managed it for us. I should like it best if you would send me the Motett in E flat "Iste die," with the "Tantum ergo" for five voices, and at the same time also the Coronation March from the *Mass du Sacre*. That is what I want.

A Herr Von Beck from Cologne will call on you and ask for these things. Please let him have them to send to me, and tell him what you have spent and he will reimburse you—and again many thanks to you. I have not yet received your studies and songs from Frankfurt, but on the other hand the *Réveries* are lying on my piano, because an acquaintance of mine gets the French paper and always sends it to me whenever there is anything of yours or Chopin's in it. The one in F sharp major is my favourite and pleases me very much, and the A flat one is quaint and charming. But do tell me exactly what you have been doing and going to do. I see from what you say that

you are proposing some great work, but you don't tell me what it is. . . . Yours,  
F. M. B.

Bendemann, Schirmer, and Hildebrand all beg to be remembered to you, and hope that you will soon be here again.

At the end of 1847, when I came to Düsseldorf as Director, I found the music there on quite a different footing from that which Mendelssohn had described. The twelve years' energy which Edward Rietz had devoted to it had not been in vain. When I removed to Cologne in 1850, I managed to secure the post for Robert Schumann.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

CHAPTER III.

(CONTINUED.)

FIVE mornings and evenings passed. The young woman came regularly to milk the healthy cow or to attend to the sick one, but never allowed her vision to stray in the direction of Oak's person. His want of tact had deeply offended her—not by seeing what he could not help, but by letting her know that he had seen it. For, as without law there is no sin, without eyes there is no indecorum; and she appeared to feel that Gabriel's espial had made her an indecorous woman without her own connivance. It was food for great regret with him; it was also a contretemps which touched into life a latent heat he had experienced in that direction.

The acquaintanceship might, however, have ended in a slow forgetting, but for an incident which occurred at the end of the same week. One afternoon it began to freeze, and the frost increased with evening, which drew on like a stealthy tightening of bonds. It was a time when in cottages the breath of the sleepers freezes to the sheets, when round the drawing-room fire of a thick-walled mansion the sitters' backs are cold even whilst their faces are all aglow. Many a small bird went to bed supperless that night among the bare boughs.

As the milking-hour drew near, Oak kept his usual watch upon the cow-shed. At last he felt cold, and shaking an extra quantity of bedding round the yearning ewes, he entered the hut and heaped more fuel upon the stove. The wind

came in at the bottom of the door, to prevent which Oak wheeled the cot round a little more to the south. Then the wind spouted in at a ventilating hole—of which there was one on each side of the hut.

Gabriel had always known that when the fire was lighted and the door closed, one of these must be kept open—that chosen being always on the side away from the wind. Closing the slide to windward, he turned to open the other; on second thoughts, the farmer considered he would first sit down, leaving both closed for a minute or two, till the temperature of the hut was a little raised. He sat down.

His head began to ache in an unwonted manner, and fancying himself weary by reason of the broken rests of the preceding nights, Oak decided to get up, open the slide, and then allow himself to fall asleep. He fell asleep without having performed the necessary preliminary.

How long he remained unconscious Gabriel never knew. During the first stages of his return to perception peculiar deeds seemed to be in course of enactment. His dog was howling, his head was aching fearfully—somebody was pulling him about, hands were loosening his neckerchief.

On opening his eyes, he found that evening had sunk to dusk, in a strange manner of unexpectedness. The young girl with the remarkably pleasant lips and white teeth was beside him. More than this—astonishingly more—his head was upon her lap, his face and neck were disagreeably wet, and her fingers were unbuttoning his collar.

"Whatever is the matter?" said Oak, vacantly.

She seemed to experience a sensation of mirth, but of too insignificant a kind to start the capacity of enjoyment.

"Nothing now," she answered, "since you are not dead. It was a wonder you were not suffocated in this hut of yours."

"Ah, the hut!" murmured Gabriel. "I gave ten pounds for that hut. But I'll sell it, and sit under thatched hurdles as they did in old times, and curl up to sleep in a lock of straw! It played me nearly the same trick the other day!" Gabriel, by way of emphasis, brought down his fist upon the frozen ground.

"It was not exactly the fault of the hut," she observed, speaking in a tone which showed her to be that novelty among women—one who finished a

thought before beginning the sentence which was to convey it. "You should, I think, have considered, and not have been so foolish as to leave the slides closed."

"Yes, I suppose I should," said Oak, absently. He was endeavouring to catch and appreciate the sensation of being thus with her—his head upon her dress—before the event passed on into the heap of bygone things. He wished she knew his impressions; but he would as soon have thought of carrying an odour in a net as of attempting to convey the intangibilities of his feeling in the coarse meshes of language. So he remained silent.

She made him sit up, and then Oak began wiping his face and shaking himself like a Samson. "How can I thank ye?" he said at last, gratefully, some of the natural rusty red having returned to his face.

"Oh, never mind that," said the girl, smiling, and allowing her smile to hold good for Gabriel's next remark, whatever that might prove to be.

"How did you find me?"

"I heard your dog howling and scratching at the door of the hut when I came to the milking (it was so lucky, Daisy's milking is almost over for the season, and I shall not come here after this week or the next). The dog saw me, and jumped over to me, and laid hold of my dress. I came across and looked round the hut the very first thing to see if the slides were closed. My uncle has a hut like this one, and I have heard him tell his shepherd not to go to sleep without leaving a slide open. I opened the door, and there you were like dead. I threw the milk over you, as there was no water, forgetting it was warm, and no use."

"I wonder if I should have died?" Gabriel said, in a low voice, which was rather meant to travel back to himself than on to her.

"Oh, no," the girl replied. She seemed to prefer a less tragic probability; to have saved a man from death involved talk that should harmonize with the dignity of such a deed—and she shunned it.

"I believe you saved my life, Miss—I don't know your name. I know your aunt's, but not yours."

"I would just as soon not tell it—rather not. There is no reason either why I should, as you probably will never have much to do with me."

"Still, I should like to know."

"You can inquire at my aunt's—she will tell you."



"My name is Gabriel Oak."

"And mine isn't. You seem fond of yours in speaking it so decisively, Gabriel Oak."

"You see, it is the only one I shall ever have, and I must make the most of it."

"I always think mine sounds odd and disagreeable."

"I should think you might soon get a new one."

"Mercy — how many opinions you keep about you concerning other people, Gabriel Oak."

"Well, Miss — excuse the words — I thought you would like them. But I can't match you, I know, in mapping out my mind upon my tongue as I may say. I never was very clever in my inside. But I thank you. Come, give me your hand!"

She hesitated, somewhat disconcerted at Oak's old-fashioned earnest conclusion to a dialogue lightly carried on. "Very well," she said, and gave him her hand, compressing her lips to a demure impassivity. He held it but an instant, and in his fear of being too demonstrative, swerved to the opposite extreme, touching her fingers with the lightness of a small-hearted person.

"I am sorry," he said, the instant after, regretfully.

"What for?"

"Letting your hand go so quickly."

"You may have me again if you like; there it is." She gave him her hand again.

Oak held it longer this time — indeed, curiously long. "How soft it is — being winter-time, too — not chapped or rough, or anything!" he said.

"There — that's long enough," said she, though without pulling it away. "But I suppose you are thinking you would like to kiss it? You may if you want to."

"I wasn't thinking of any such thing," said Gabriel, simply; "but I will —"

"That you won't!" She snatched back her hand.

Gabriel felt himself guilty of another want of tact.

"Now find out my name," she said teasingly; and withdrew.

#### CHAPTER IV.

#### GABRIEL'S RESOLVE — THE VISIT — THE MISTAKE.

THE only superiority in women that is tolerable to the rival sex is, as a rule, that LIVING AGE. VOL. V. 230

of the unconscious kind, but a superiority which recognizes itself may sometimes please by suggesting at the same time possibilities of impropriation to the subordinated man.

This well-favoured and comely girl soon made appreciable inroads upon the emotional constitution of young Farmer Oak.

Love, being an extremely exacting usurer (a sense of exorbitant profit, spiritually, by an exchange of hearts, being at the bottom of pure passions, as that of exorbitant profit, bodily or materially, is at the bottom of those of lower atmosphere), every morning his feelings were as sensitive as the money-market in calculations upon his chances. His dog waited for his meals in a way so like that in which Oak waited for the girl's presence that the farmer was quite struck with the resemblance, felt it lowering, and would not look at the dog. However, he continued to watch through the hedge at her regular coming, and thus his sentiments towards her were deepened without any corresponding effect being produced upon herself. Oak had nothing finished and ready to say as yet, and not being able to frame love-phrases which end where they begin; passionate tales

— Full of sound and fury

Signifying nothing —

he said no word at all.

By making inquiries he found that the girl's name was Bathsheba Everdene, and that the cow would go dry in about seven days. He dreaded the eighth day.

At last the eighth day came. The cow had ceased to give milk for that year, and Bathsheba Everdene came up the hill no more. Gabriel had reached a pitch of existence he never could have anticipated a short time before. He liked saying "Bathsheba" as a private enjoyment instead of whistling; turned over his taste to black hair, though he had sworn by brown ever since he was a boy, isolated himself till the space he filled in the public eye was contemptibly small. Love is a possible strength in an actual weakness. Marriage transforms a distraction into a support, the power of which should be, and happily often is, in direct proportion to the degree of imbecility it supplants. Oak began now to see light in this direction, and said to himself, "I'll make her my wife, or upon my soul I shall be good for nothing!"

All this while he was perplexing himself about an errand on which he might

consistently visit the cottage of Bathsheba's aunt.

He found his opportunity in the death of an ewe, mother of a living lamb. On a day which had a summer face and a winter constitution—a fine January morning, when there was just enough blue sky visible to make cheerfully disposed people wish for more, and an occasional sunshiny gleam of silvery whiteness, Oak put the lamb into a respectable Sunday basket, and stalked across the fields to the house of Mrs. Hurst, the aunt—George, the dog, walking behind, with a countenance of great concern at the serious turn pastoral affairs seemed to be taking.

Gabriel had watched the blue wood-smoke curling from the chimney with strange meditation. At evening he had fancifully traced it down the chimney to the spot of its origin—seen the hearth and Bathsheba beside it—beside it in her out-door dress; for the clothes she had worn on the hill were by association equally with her person included in the compass of his affection; they seemed at this early time of his love a necessary ingredient of the sweet mixture called Bathsheba Everdene.

He had made a toilet of a nicely adjusted kind—of a nature between the carefully neat and the carelessly ornate—of a degree between fine-market-day and wet-Sunday selection. He thoroughly cleaned his silver watch-chain with whitening, put new lacing-straps to his boots, looked to the brass eyelet-holes, went to the inmost heart of the plantation for a new walking-stick, and trimmed it vigorously on his way back; took a new handkerchief from the bottom of his clothes-box, put on the light waistcoat patterned all over with sprigs of an elegant flower uniting the beauties of both rose and lily without the defects of either, and used all the hair-oil he possessed upon his usually dry, sandy and inextricably curly hair, till he had deepened it to a splendidly novel colour, between that of guano and Roman cement, making it stick to his head like mace round a boulder after the ebb.

Nothing disturbed the stillness of the cottage save the chatter of a knot of sparrows on the eaves; one might fancy scandal and *tracasseries* to be no less the staple subject of these little coteries on roofs than of those under them. It seemed that the omen was an unpropitious one, for, as the rather untoward

commencement of Oak's overtures, just as he arrived by the garden gate he saw a cat inside, going into various arched shapes and fiendish convulsions at the sight of his dog George. The dog took no notice, for he had arrived at an age at which all superfluous barking was cynically avoided as a waste of breath—in fact he never barked even at the sheep except to order, when it was done with an absolutely neutral countenance, as a liturgical form of Commination-service, which, though offensive, had to be gone through once now and then just to frighten the flock for their own good.

A voice came from behind some laurel-bushes into which the cat had run:

"Poor dear! Did a nasty brute of a dog want to kill it!—did he, poor dear!"

"I beg yer pardon," said Oak to the voice, "but George was walking on behind me with a temper as mild as milk."

Almost before he had ceased speaking, Oak was seized with a misgiving as to whose ear was the recipient of his answer. Nobody appeared, and he heard the person retreat among the bushes.

Gabriel meditated, and so deeply that he brought small furrows into his forehead by sheer force of reverie. Where the issue of an interview is as likely to be a vast change for the worse as for the better, any initial difference from expectation causes nipping sensations of failure. Oak went up to the door a little abashed: his mental rehearsal and the reality had had no common grounds of opening.

Bathsheba's aunt was indoors. "Will you tell Miss Everdene that somebody would be glad to speak to her?" said Mr. Oak. (Calling yourself merely Somebody, and not giving a name, is not by any means to be taken as an example of the ill-breeding of the rural world: it springs from a refined sense of modesty, of which townspeople, with their cards and announcements, have no notion whatever.)

Bathsheba was out. The voice had evidently been hers.

"Will you come in, Mr. Oak?"

"Oh, thank ye," said Gabriel, following her to the fireplace. "I've brought a lamb for Miss Everdene. I thought she might like one to rear: girls do."

"She might," said Mrs. Hurst, musingly; "though she's only a visitor here. If you will wait a minute, Bathsheba will be in."

"Yes, I will wait," said Gabriel, sitting

down. "The lamb isn't really the business I came about, Mrs. Hurst. In short, I was going to ask her if she'd like to be married."

"And were you indeed?"

"Yes. Because if she would, I should be very glad to marry her. D'ye know if she's got any other young man hanging about her at all?"

"Let me think," said Mrs. Hurst, poking the fire superfluously. . . . "Yes — bless you, ever so many young men. You see, Farmer Oak, she's so good-looking, and an excellent scholar besides — she was going to be a governess once, you know, only she was too wild. Not that her young men ever come here — but, Lord, in the nature of women, she must have a dozen!"

"That's unfortunate," said Farmer Oak, contemplating a crack in the stone floor with sorrow. "I'm only an every-day sort of man, and my only chance was in being the first comer. . . . Well, there's no use in my waiting, for that was all I came about: so I'll take myself off home-along, Mrs. Hurst."

When Gabriel had gone about two hundred yards along the down, he heard a "hoi-hoi!" uttered behind him, in a piping note of more treble quality than that in which the exclamation usually embodies itself when shouted across a field. He looked round, and saw a girl racing after him, waving a white handkerchief.

Oak stood still — and the runner drew nearer. It was Bathsheba Everdene. Gabriel's colour deepened: hers was already deep, not, as it appeared, from emotion, but from running.

"Farmer Oak — I —" she said, pausing for want of breath, pulling up in front of him with a slanted face, and putting her hand to her side.

"I have just called to see you," said Gabriel, pending her further speech.

"Yes — I know that," she said, panting like a robin, her face red and moist from her exertions, like a peony petal before the sun dries off the dew. "I didn't know you had come (pant) to ask to have me, or I should have come in from the garden instantly. I ran after you to say (pant) that my aunt made a mistake in sending you away from courting me (pant) —"

Gabriel expanded. "I'm sorry to have made you run so fast, my dear," he said, with a grateful sense of favours to come. "Wait a bit till you've found your breath."

"It was quite a mistake — aunt's telling you I had a young man already," Bathsheba went on. "I haven't a sweetheart at all (pant), and I never had one, and I thought that, as times go with women, it was *such* a pity to send you away thinking that I had several."

"Really and truly I am glad to hear that!" said Farmer Oak, smiling one of his long special smiles, and blushing with gladness. He held out his hand to take hers, which, when she had eased her side by pressing it there, was prettily extended upon her bosom to still her loud-beating heart. Directly he seized it she put it behind her, so that it slipped through his fingers like an eel.

"I have a nice snug little farm," said Gabriel, with half a degree less assurance than when he had seized her hand.

"Yes: you have."

"A man has advanced me money to begin with, but still, it will soon be paid off, and though I am only an every-day sort of man, I have got on a little since I was a boy." Gabriel uttered "a little" in a tone to show her that it was the complacent form of "a great deal." He continued: "When we are married, I am quite sure I can work twice as hard as I do now."

He went forward and stretched out his arm again. Bathsheba had overtaken him at a point beside which stood a low, stunted holly-bush, now laden with red berries. Seeing his advance take the form of an attitude threatening a possible enclosure, if not compression, of her person, she edged off round the bush.

"Why, Farmer Oak," she said, over the top, looking at him with rounded eyes, "I never said I was going to marry you."

"Well — that *is* a tale!" said Oak, with dismay. "To run after anybody like this, and then say you don't want me!"

"What I meant to tell you was only this," she said eagerly, and yet half conscious of the absurdity of the position she had made for herself: "that nobody has got me yet as a sweetheart, instead of my having a dozen, as my aunt said; I *hate* to be thought men's property in that way, though possibly I shall be to be had some day. Why, if I'd wanted you I shouldn't have run after you like this; 'twould have been the *forwardest* thing! But there was no harm in hurrying to correct a piece of false news that had been told you."

"Oh, no — no harm at all." But there is such a thing as being too generous in

expressing a judgment impulsively, and Oak added with a more appreciative sense of all the circumstances — "Well, I am not quite certain it was no harm."

"Indeed, I hadn't time to think before starting whether I wanted to marry or not, for you'd have been gone over the hill."

"Come," said Gabriel, freshening again; "think a minute or two. I'll wait awhile, Miss Everdene. Will you marry me? Do, Bathsheba. I love you far more than common!"

"I'll try to think," she observed, rather more timorously; "if I can think out of doors; but my mind spreads away so."

"But you can give a guess."

"Then give me time." Bathsheba looked thoughtfully into the distance, away from the direction in which Gabriel stood.

"I can make you happy," said he to the back of her head, across the bush. "You shall have a piano in a year or two — farmers' wives are getting to have pianos now — and I'll practice up the flute right well to play with you in the evenings."

"Yes; I should like that."

"And have one of those little ten-pound gigs for market — and nice flowers, and birds — cocks and hens I mean, because they are useful," continued Gabriel, feeling balanced between prose and verse.

"I should like it very much."

"And a frame for cucumbers — like a gentleman and lady."

"Yes."

"And when the wedding was over, we'd have it put in the newspaper list of marriages."

"Dearly I should like that."

"And the babies in the births — every man jack of 'em! And at home by the fire, whenever you look up, there I shall be — and whenever I look up there will be you."

"Wait, wait, and don't be improper!"

Her countenance fell, and she was silent awhile. He contemplated the red berries between them over and over again, to such an extent, that holly seemed in his after-life to be a cypher signifying a proposal of marriage. Bathsheba decisively turned to him.

"No; 'tis no use," she said. "I don't want to marry you."

"Try."

"I have tried hard all the time I've been thinking; for a marriage would be very nice in one sense. People would

talk about me, and think I had won my battle, and I should feel triumphant, and all that. But a husband —"

"Well!"

"Why, he'd always be there, as you say; whenever I looked up, there he'd be."

"Of course he would — I, that is."

"Well, what I mean is that I shouldn't mind being a bride at a wedding, if I could be one without having a husband. But since a woman can't show off in that way by herself, I shan't marry — at least yet."

"That's a terrible wooden story."

At this elegant criticism of her statement, Bathsheba made an addition to her dignity by a slight sweep away from him.

"Upon my heart and soul, I don't know what a maid can say stupider than that," said Oak. "But, dearest," he continued in a palliative voice, "don't be like it!" Oak sighed a deep honest sigh — none the less so in that, being like the sigh of a pine plantation, it was rather noticeable as a disturbance in the atmosphere. "Why won't you have me?" he said appealingly, creeping round the holly to reach her side.

"I cannot," she said retreating.

"But why?" he persisted, standing still at last in despair of ever reaching her, and facing over the bush.

"Because I don't love you."

"Yes, but —"

She contracted a yawn to an inoffensive smallness, so that it was hardly ill-mannered at all. "I don't love you," she said.

"But I love you — and, as for myself, I am content to be liked."

"Oh, Mr. Oak — that's very fine! You'd get to despise me."

"Never," said Mr. Oak, so earnestly that he seemed to be coming by the force of his words, straight through the bush and into her arms. "I shall do one thing in this life — one thing certain — that is, love you, and long for you, and *keep wanting you till I die*." His voice had a genuine pathos now, and his large brown hands trembled a quarter of an inch each way.

"It seems dreadfully wrong not to have you when you feel so much," she said with a little distress, and looking hopelessly around for some means of escape from her moral dilemma. "How I wish I hadn't run after you!" However she seemed to have a short cut for getting back to cheerfulness, and set her face to signify archness. "It wouldn't do, Mr.

Oak. I want somebody to tame me; I am too independent; and you would never be able to, I know."

Oak cast his eyes down the field in a way implying that it was useless to attempt argument.

"Mr. Oak," she said, with luminous distinctness and common sense; "you are better off than I. I have hardly a penny in the world—I am staying with my aunt for my bare sustenance. I am better educated than you—and I don't love you a bit: that's my side of the case. Now yours: you are a farmer just beginning, and you ought in common prudence, if you marry at all (which you should certainly not think of doing at present) to marry a woman with money, who would stock a larger farm for you than you have now."

Gabriel looked at her with a little surprise and much admiration.

"That's the very thing I had been thinking myself!" he naïvely said.

Farmer Oak had one-and-a-half Christian characteristics too many to succeed with Bathsheba: his humility, and a superfluous moiety of honesty. Bathsheba was decidedly disconcerted.

"Well, then, why did you come and disturb me?" she said, almost angrily, if not quite, an enlarging red spot rising in each cheek.

"I can't do what I think would be—would be——"

"Right?"

"No: wise."

"You have made an admission *now*, Mr. Oak," she exclaimed, with even more hauteur, and rocking her head disdainfully. "After that, do you think, I could marry you? Not if I know it."

He broke in, passionately: "But don't mistake me like that. Because I am open enough to own what every man in my position would have thought of, you make your colours come up your face, and get crabbed with me. That about your not being good enough for me is nonsense. You speak like a lady—all the parish notice it, and your uncle at Weatherbury, is, I have heard, a large farmer—much larger than ever I shall be. May I call in the evening—or will you walk along with me on Sundays? I don't want you to make up your mind at once, if you'd rather not."

"No—no—I cannot. Don't press me any more—don't. I don't love you—so 'twould be ridiculous!" she said, with a laugh.

No man likes to see his emotions the

sport of a merry-go-round of skittishness. "Very well," said Oak, firmly, with the bearing of one who was going to give his days and nights to Ecclesiastes forever. "Then I'll ask you no more."

# CHAPTER V.

## DEPARTURE OF BATHSHEBA: A PASTORAL TRAGEDY.

THE news which one day reached Gabriel, that Bathsheba Everdene had left the neighbourhood, had an influence upon him which might have surprised any who never suspected that the more emphatic the renunciation the less absolute its character.

It may have been observed that there is no regular path for getting out of love as there is for getting in. Some people look upon marriage as a short cut that way, but it has been known to fail. Separation, which was the means that chance offered to Gabriel Oak by Bathsheba's disappearance, though effectual with people of certain humours, is apt to idealize the removed object with others—notably those whose affection, placid and regular as it may be, flows deep and long. Oak belonged to the even-tempered order of humanity, and felt the secret fusion of himself in Bathsheba to be burning with a finer flame now that she was gone—that was all.

His incipient friendship with her aunt had been nipped by the failure of his suit, and all that Oak learnt of Bathsheba's movements was done indirectly. It appeared that she had gone to a place called Weatherbury, more than twenty miles off, but in what capacity—whether as a visitor, or permanently, he could not discover.

Gabriel had two dogs. George, the elder, exhibited an ebony-tipped nose, surrounded by a narrow margin of pink flesh, and a coat marked in random splotches approximating in colour to white and slaty grey, but the grey, after years of sun and rain, had been scorched and washed out of the more prominent locks, leaving them of a reddish-brown, as if the blue component of the grey had faded, like the indigo from the same kind of colour in Turner's pictures. In substance, it had originally been hair, but long contact with sheep, seemed to be turning it by degrees into wool of poor quality and staple.

This dog had originally belonged to a shepherd of inferior morals and dreadful temper, and the result was that George



knew the exact degree of condemnation signified by cursing and swearing of all descriptions better than the wickedest old man in the neighbourhood. Long experience had so precisely taught the animal the difference between such exclamations as "Come in!" and "D— ye, come in!" that he knew to a hair's breadth the rate of trotting back from the ewes' tails that each call involved, if a staggerer with the sheep-crook was to be escaped. Though old, he was clever and trustworthy still.

The young dog, George's son, might possibly have been the image of his mother, for there was not much resemblance between him and George. He was learning the sheep-keeping business, so as to follow on at the flock when the other should die, but had got no further than the rudiments as yet—still finding an insuperable difficulty in distinguishing between doing a thing well enough and doing it too well. So earnest and yet so wrong-headed was this young dog (he had no name in particular, and answered with perfect readiness to any pleasant interjection), that if sent behind the flock to help them on, he did it so thoroughly that he would have chased them across the whole country with the greatest pleasure if not called off, or reminded when to stop by the example of old George.

Thus much for the dogs. On the further side of Norcombe Hill was a chalk-pit, from which chalk had been drawn for generations, and spread over adjacent farms. Two hedges converged upon it in the form of a V, but without quite meeting. The narrow opening left, which was immediately over the brow of the pit, was protected by a rough railing.

One night, when Farmer Oak had returned to his house, believing there would be no further necessity for his attendance on the down, he called as usual to the dogs, previously to shutting them up in the outhouse till next morning. Only one responded—old George; the other could not be found, either in the house, lane, or garden. Gabriel then remembered that he had left the two dogs on the hill eating a dead lamb (a kind of meat he usually kept from them, except when other food ran short), and concluding that the young one had not finished his meal, he went indoors to the luxury of a bed, which latterly he had only enjoyed on Sundays.

It was a still, moist night. Just before dawn he was assisted in waking by the abnormal reverberation of familiar

music. To the shepherd, the note of the sheep-bell, like the ticking of the clock to other people, is a chronic sound that only makes itself noticed by ceasing or altering in some unusual manner from the well-known idle tinkle which signifies to the accustomed ear, however distant, that all is well in the fold. In the solemn calm of the awakening morn that note was heard by Gabriel, beating with unusual violence and rapidity. This exceptional ringing may be caused in two ways—by the rapid feeding of the sheep bearing the bell, as when the flock breaks into new pasture, which gives it an intermittent rapidity, or by the sheep starting off in a run, when the sound has a regular palpitation. The experienced ear of Oak knew the sound he now heard to be caused by the running of the flock with great velocity.

He jumped out of bed, dressed, and tore down the lane through a foggy dawn, and ascended the hill. The forward ewes were kept apart from those among which the fall of lambs would be later, there being two hundred of the latter class in Gabriel's flock. These two hundred seemed to have absolutely vanished from the hill. There were the fifty with their lambs, enclosed at the other end as he had left them, but the rest, forming the bulk of the flock, were nowhere. Gabriel called at the top of his voice the shepherd's call,

"Ovey, ovey, ovey!"

Not a single bleat. He went to the hedge—a gap had been broken through it, and in the gap were the footprints of the sheep. Rather surprised to find them break fence at this season, yet putting it down instantly to their great fondness for ivy in winter-time, of which a great deal grew in the plantation, he followed through the hedge. They were not in the plantation. He called again: the valleys and furthest hills resounded as when the sailors invoked the lost Hylas on the Mysian shore, but no sheep. He passed through the trees and along the ridge of the hill. On the extreme summit, where the ends of the two converging hedges of which we have spoken were stopped short by meeting the brow of the chalk-pit, he saw the younger dog standing against the sky—dark and motionless as Napoleon at St. Helena.

A horrible conviction darted through Oak. With a sensation of bodily faintness he advanced: at one point the rails were broken through, and there he saw



the footprints of his ewes. The dog came up, licked his hand, and made signals implying that he expected some great reward for signal services rendered. Oak looked over the precipice. The ewes lay dead at its foot—a heap of two hundred mangled carcasses, representing in their condition just now at least two hundred more.

Oak was an intensely humane man: indeed, his humanity often tore in pieces any politic intentions of his bordering on strategy, and carried him on as by gravitation. A shadow in his life had always been that his flock ended in mutton—that a day came and found every shepherd an arrant traitor to his defenceless sheep. His first feeling now was one of pity for the untimely fate of these gentle ewes and their unborn lambs.

It was a second to remember another phase of the matter. The sheep were not insured. All the savings of a frugal life had been dispersed at a blow; his hopes of being an independent farmer were laid low—possibly forever. Gabriel's energies, patience, and industry had been so severely taxed during the years of his life between eighteen and eight-and-twenty, to reach his present stage of progress, that no more seemed to be left in him. He leant down upon a rail, and covered his face with his hands.

Stupors, however, do not last forever, and Farmer Oak recovered from his. It was as remarkable as it was characteristic that the one sentence he uttered was in thankfulness:—

"Thank God I am not married: what would *she* have done in the poverty now coming upon me!"

Oak raised his head, and wondering what he could do, listlessly surveyed the scene. By the outer margin of the pit was an oval pond, and over it hung the attenuated skeleton of a chrome-yellow moon, which had only a few days to last—the morning star dogging her on the right hand. The pool glittered like a dead man's eye, and as the world awoke a breeze blew, shaking and elongating the reflection of the moon without breaking it, and turning the image of the star to a phosphoric streak upon the water. All this Oak saw and remembered.

As far as could be learnt it appeared that the poor young dog, still under the impression that since he was kept for running after sheep, the more he ran after them the better, had at the end of his meal off the dead lamb, which may

have given him additional energy and spirits, collected all the ewes into a corner, driven the timid creatures through the hedge, across the upper field, and by main force of worrying had given them momentum enough to break down a portion of the rotten railing, and so hurled them over the edge.

George's son had done his work so thoroughly that he was considered too good a workman to live, and was, in fact, taken and tragically shot at twelve o'clock that same day—another instance of the untoward fate which so often attends dogs and other philosophers who follow out a train of reasoning to its logical conclusion, and attempt perfectly consistent conduct in a world made up so largely of compromise.

Gabriel's farm had been stocked by a dealer—on the strength of Oak's promising look and character—who was receiving a per-centage from the farmer till such time as the advance should be cleared off. Oak found that the value of stock, plant, and implements which were really his own would be about sufficient to pay his debts, leaving himself a free man with the clothes he stood up in, and nothing more.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

BY MISS THACKERAY.

WHEN he was a very little boy, Edwin Landseer used to ask his mother to set him a copy to draw from, and then—so his sisters have told me—complain that she always drew one of two things, either a shoe or a currant pudding, of both of which he was quite tired. No wonder that this was insufficient food for the eager young spirit for whose genius in after life two kingdoms were not too wide a range. The boy, when he was a little older, and when his bent seemed more clearly determined, went to his father and asked him for teaching. The father was a wise man and told his son that he could not himself teach him to be a painter, that Nature was the only school, Observation the true and only teacher. He told little Edwin to use his own powers; to think about all the things he saw; to copy everything; and then he turned the boy out with his brothers—they were all three much of an age—to draw the world as it then existed upon Hampstead Heath.

There seem to have been then, as now, little donkeys upon the common, old horses grazing the turf and gorse, and chickens and children at play, though I fear that now, alas ! no little curly-headed boy is there storing up treasures for the use of a whole generation to come.

Day after day the children used to spend upon the Heath in the fresh air, at their sports and their flights, but learning meanwhile their early lesson. Their elder sister used to go with them, a young mentor to keep these frolicsome spirits within bounds. One can imagine the little party, buoyant, active, in the full delightful spring of early youth. Perhaps youth is a special attribute belonging to artistic natures, to those whom the gods have favoured, and the old fanciful mythology is not all a fable. . . . Some boys are never young. When I last saw Sir Edwin Landseer, something of this indescribable youthful brightness still seemed to be with him, although the cloud which dimmed his later years had already partially fallen. But the cruel cloud is more than half a century distant at the time of which I am writing, and, thanks be to Heaven, the whole flood of life, and work, and achievement lies between.

Little Edwin painted a picture in these very early days, which was afterwards sold. It was called the "Mischief-makers : " a mischievous boy had tied a log of wood to the tail of a mischievous donkey. The little donkey's head in the South Kensington Museum may have been drawn upon Hampstead Heath—a careful black-lead donkey, that cropped the turf and looked up one day, some sixty years ago, with a puzzled face. Perhaps it was wondering at the size of the artist standing opposite, with his little sympathetic hand at work. The drawing is marked "E. Landseer, five years old." This little donkey, of the line of Balaam's ass, had already found out the secret and knew how to speak in his own language to the youthful prophet. Our little prophet needs no warning on his journey ; he is not about to barter his sacred gift, and from Hampstead Heath, and from many a wider moor, he will honestly give his blessing to the tribes as they come up. The tribe of the poor ; the tribe of the hardworking rich ; the tribe of Manchester ; the tribe of Belgravia. Which is there among them that has not been the better for it ? There are other sketches in the frame at the Kensington Museum ; a policeman pointed them out to me. "He knew Sir Edwin's pictures

well, and his sketches, too ; why, he was only six year old when he draw that dog," said the policeman, kindly. The dog is a pointer curling its tail ; there is the household cat, too, with broad face and feline eyes. There is a more elaborate sketch done at the age of fifteen, and probably representing the same pointer grown into an ancient model now, and promoted from black-lead to water-colour. The young painter himself must have been near starting in life by this time : born with his fairy gift, the time was come to reveal it.

Little Edwin was eight years old when he first engraved a plate of etchings ; asses' heads, sheep, donkeys were all there, and then came a second plate for lions and tigers. He was always drawing animals. When he was thirteen he exhibited the portrait of a pointer and puppy, and also the portrait of Mr. Simpson's mule, "by Master E. Landseer," as mentioned in the catalogue. In this year his father took him to Haydon the painter, for there is a notice in Haydon's "Diary" :—

"In 1815 Mr. Landseer, the engraver, had brought me his sons, and said : 'When do you intend to let your beard grow and take pupils ?' I said, 'If my instructions are useful or valuable, now.' 'Will you let my boys come ?' I said, 'Certainly.' Charles and Thomas, it was immediately arranged, should come every Monday morning, when I was to give them work for the week. Edwin took my dissections of the lion, and I advised him to dissect animals as the only mode of acquiring a knowledge of their construction.

"This very incident generated in me the desire to form a school, and as the Landseers made rapid progress, I resolved to communicate my system to others."

In 1817 Landseer exhibited a picture of "Brutus," the family friend. After "Brutus" comes a picture called "Fighting Dogs getting Wind," which was his first real success. It was, I believe, bought by that friendly umpire of art, Sir George Beaumont. In 1818 Wilkie writes approvingly to Haydon, saying : "Geddes has a good head, Etty a clever piece, and young Landseer's jackasses are also good." Most of these facts I have read in a helpful little biography in the South Kensington Museum, which contains a list of Sir Edwin's early works. The list is a marvel of length and industry. There are many etchings mentioned, and among

them "Recollections of Sir Walter and Lady Scott." When Sir Edwin gave up etching, it was Thomas Landseer who engraved his pictures. And here I cannot help adding that, looking over the etchings of that early time, and of later date, my admiration has not been alone for Sir Edwin, but for his brother's work as well.

Haydon's advice about depicting lions seems to have stood the young student in good stead. There is mention made of roaring and prowling lions, of a lion disturbed at his meal, on a canvas six feet by eight. Haydon, as we know, was for extremes of canvas and other things. I heard a philosopher describe him only yesterday as "a strange medley of genius and vanity, of high intention and money operations—a man who did good work in his time, and who died for jealousy of Tom Thumb." Leslie, in his autobiography, has his appreciative word for Haydon: "I was captivated with Haydon's art," he writes, "which was then certainly at its best, and tried, but with no success, to imitate the richness of his colour and impasto . . . At a much later period I was struck with his resemblance to Charles Lamb's 'Ralph Bigod, Esq.,' that noble type of the great race of men—'the men who borrow.' I even thought, before Lamb declared Fenwick to be the prototype of Bigod, that Haydon was the man, and I am not sure that Lamb did not think of him as well as of Fenwick. All the traits were Haydon's. Bigod had an *undeniable* way with him. He had a cheerful, open exterior, a quick, jovial eye, a bald forehead, just touched with grey *cana fides*. He anticipated no excuse, and found none. When I think of this man—his fiery glow of heart, his swell of feeling—how magnificent, how *ideal* he was, how great at the midnight hour, and when I compare him with the companions with whom I have associated since, I grudge the savings of a few idle ducats, and think that I am fallen into the society of *lenders and little men*."

There is a sketch in Mr. Symonds's book about Greek poets which also recalls Haydon, and gives us a classical image of him in brazen sandals and purple draperies.

In 1822 Landseer received a premium from the British Institution for a picture called "The Larder Invaded." In 1824 he paints the celebrated "Catpaw: the monkey's device for eating hot chestnuts." It was sold for 100*l.*, and would

fetch near 3,000*l.* now. Then he is made A.R.A.; and in 1826 the scene changes from lions' dens and monkeys' pranks to the well-loved moors and lakes—to the misty, fresh, silent life of the mountain that he has brought into all our homes.

Some of his earliest paintings are illustrations out of Walter Scott's romances. He loved Scott from the beginning to the very end of his life, and kept some of his books and some of Shakespeare's plays by his bedside, to read when he could not sleep. One of his very first oil pictures, however, was not out of a book: it was the portrait of his sister as a little baby girl, toddling about in a big bonnet.

There is a pretty little paragraph in Leslie's autobiography, about Landseer after he became a student at the Royal Academy. "Edwin Landseer," he says, "who entered the Academy very early, was a pretty little curly-headed boy, and he attracted Fuseli's attention by his talents and gentle manners. Fuseli would look round for him and say, 'Where is my little *dog-boy*.'"

The few words tell their story, and at the same time reveal the kind heart of the writer, who all his life seems to have admired and loved his younger companion, of whom there is frequent mention in his books. "Art may be learnt, but can't be taught," says Leslie, as the elder Landseer had said. "Under Fuseli's wise neglect Wilkie, Mulready, Etty, Landseer, and Haydon distinguished themselves, and were the better for not being made all alike by teaching, if indeed that could have been done."

Fuseli's system seems to have been to come in with a book in his hand and sit reading nearly the whole time he remained with the students; and here, I cannot help saying that, notwithstanding his gentle vindication, Leslie himself followed a very different method. It is true that when he taught young painters he used to say very little, but "he would take the brushes and the pallet himself and show them a great deal," says his son George.

It is now about fifty years since the little *dog-boy* (who was only some nineteen years old) set up in life for himself, hired a tiny little cottage with a studio in St. John's Wood. The district even now is silent and unenclosed in many places. In those days it must have been almost a country place. A garden paling divided the painter and his young household from friendly neighbours; and Mrs. Mackenzie, his sister and housekeeper in

those youthful days, has told us of pleasant early times and neighbourly meetings before the great eddying wave of life and popularity had reached the quiet place; while the young man works and toils at his art, and faces the early difficulties and anxieties that oppress him, and that even his fairy gift cannot altogether avert.

In one of the notices upon his pictures it is said that as a boy and a youth he haunted shows of wild beasts with his sketch-book, and the matches of rat-killing by terriers. Cannot one picture the scene, the cruel sport; the crowd looking on, stupid or vulgarly excited, and there, among coarse and heavy glances and dull scowling looks, shines the bright young face, not seeing the things that the dull eyes are watching, but discerning the something beyond—the world within the world—that life within common life that genius makes clear to us?

What are the old legends worth if this is not what they mean? Our Sir Orpheus plays, and men and animals are brought into his charmed circle. Qualities delicate, indescribable, sympathies between nature and human nature are revealed.

There is a description in Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Transformation* of Donatello and the animals. The young count calls in the forest, filling the air with a modulated breath; the poet describes the broad dialect—broad as the sympathies of nature—in which the human brother speaks to the inarticulate brotherhood that prowl the woods or soar upon the wing; intelligible to such extent as to win their confidence; and then comes the description of their answer:—

"Donatello paused two or three times and seemed to listen; then, recommencing, he poured his spirit and life more earnestly into the strain; and, finally—or else the sculptor's hope and imagination deceived him—soft treads were audible upon the fallen leaves. There was a rustling among the shrubbery, a whirr of wings, moreover, that hovered in the air. It may have been all an illusion; but Kenyon fancied that he could distinguish the stealthy, cat-like movement of some small forest citizen; that he could even see a doubtful shadow if not really its substance. But all at once, whatever might be the reason, there ensued a hurried rush and scamper of little feet."

Some such art as Donatello's must have belonged to our Sir Edwin.

There is a world to which some favoured spirits belong by natural right; others, more distant from its simple inspiration, want the interpreter who is to tell them the meaning of those sudden brown lights and wistful glances; those pricking ears and tails a-quiver; those black confiding noses, humorous and simple, snuffing and sniffing the heathery breezes. It is he who has summoned those little feet for us, coming, as in Donatello's charm, suddenly scampering down the mountain pass; we seem to hear the gentle flurry; or again, we are on the mountain itself; the figures lie motionless wrapped in their plaids, the stag is unconscious and quietly grazing, in branching dignity; it is the little doe, watchful, with sweet, up-pricked head who is turning to give the alarm; or again it may be a tranquil mist through which the light forms are passing; or a stag wounded and trailing across the sunset waters to die.

Who does not know the picture called "Suspense": the noble hound watching at his master's closed door? The painter has painted a whole heart, tender reproach, silence, steady trust, anxious patience. The theme is utterly pathetic, and tells its story straight to the bystander; the door is closed fast and will never open; the frayed feather from the master's plume has fallen to the ground. He must have been carried by, for there is a drop of blood upon the feather and another on the floor beyond, and the helpless tender friend has been shut out. I can hardly imagine any picture more tranquil, more pathetic. Who that has ever been shut out, but will understand the pang?

And then, again, what home-like glimpses do we owe to Landseer—he has painted warmth, content, and fidelity. Look at that fireside party; the tender contentment of the colley, whose faithful nose is guarding the old shepherd's slippers; or the highland breakfast scene, with its gentle, almost maternal, humours; the baby, the proud mother, the little fat puppies that are a pleasure to behold. In the well-known painting of the "Shepherd's Last Mourner," the pathos consists as much in that which is not as in that which is there. The dog with silent care rests his head upon the lonely coffin. He does not understand very much about it all: life he can understand, not death. His feeling is more touching in its incompleteness than if he could grasp any thing beyond the present



strange wistful moment. Is there aspiration in such a picture? There is natural religion most certainly, as there must be in all true nature. No saint depicted in agony, no painted miracle, could give a more vivid realization of simple natural feeling, of the mysterious love and fidelity which is in life, and which the very dog can understand, as he silently watches by his old master's coffin.

As I write a friend is saying that some people complain, and not without justice, that Landseer, in some instances, makes his animals almost too human. The picture of Uncle Tom and his wife in chains has been instanced. In the "Triumph of Comus" the blending of animal and human nature is almost painful to look at, and it is a relief to turn from its nightmare-like vividness to those peaceful cliffs hanging on the wall beyond, where the fresh daylight comes over the crisp waters, where the children are at play and the sheep grazing at the cannon mouth.

One can recognize in some of the earlier paintings of Sir Edwin the impression of the mental companionship of those who influenced the school of art at the beginning of this century. Regarding this, the school of Wilkie, of Mulready, I can only turn once more to Leslie's temperate criticisms. "Every great painter," he says, "carries us into a world of his own, where, if we give ourselves up to his guidance, we shall find much enjoyment, but if we cavil at every step, we may be sure there is a greater fault in ourselves than any we can discover in him."

We do not lower our individuality because we submit for a time and learn to see life from different points of view. I have often heard my father say that every beginner who has any thing in him imitates somebody else at first, and a true and original worker does not lose but gains by merging himself for a time into the spirit of others.

The school which preceded Edwin Landseer was a placid and practical school, looking for harmonies rather than for contrasts, somewhat wanting in emotion and vividness of feeling. The meteor-like Turner blazed across the path of these quiet students without inspiring them with his own dazzling and breathless grasp of time and light. Leslie, writing of art, looks back wistfully to the times of Stothart, Fuseli, of Wilkie, Lawrence, Etty, and Constable; but, with all their harmony of colour and merits of

natural expression, they do not strike the human chords that Sir Edwin has struck in his highest moments of inspiration. This much one cannot deny that his pictures are unequal, sometimes over-crowded, sometimes wanting in tone and colour; there are subjects too which seem scarce worthy of his consummate pencil. His very popularity is a hard test, and the constant reproduction of his pictures on every wall must needs blunt their fresh interest. But this is hypercriticism. How many blank front parlours, how many long dull passages and tiresome half hours of life has he changed and brightened. Remembering some of these half hours, one could almost wish that none but pleasant associations might belong to those familiar apparitions of playful paws, and trustful noses. A pretty little page returning from the chase was the playfellow of our own early life; the sun fell on his innocent head as he hung on the wall of our high-perched Paris home. Here, by a foggier fireside, the children grow up companionably with the dear big dog that is saving the little child from the sea. It was the beneficent painter himself who sent this big dog to live with us with a friendly cypher in a corner of the frame.

A friend has told us the story of another dog bestowed by the same kind hand: "About ten years ago Sir Edwin wished me to keep a dog, thinking that when I came home I should not be so lonely; he also said that he would look for one for me himself. I told him that my business occupations would not allow me to give a dog proper attention, and although Sir Edwin mentioned the subject more than once I still refused. About a month afterwards he came to dine with me one day, and when he arrived he brought a beautifully finished picture of a dog, saying, 'Here H., I have brought you a parlour boarder, I hope you won't turn him out of doors.'"

A writer in the *Daily News*, in a charmingly written notice, describes Sir Edwin's manner of working:—

"His method of composition was remarkably like Scott's, except in the point of the early rising of the latter. Landseer went late to bed and rose very late—coming down to breakfast at noon; but he had been composing perhaps for hours. Scott declared that the most fertile moments for resources, in invention especially, were those between sleeping and waking, or rather before opening the eyes from sleep, while the brain was wide

awake. This, much prolonged, was Landseer's time for composing his pictures. His conception once complete, nothing could exceed the rapidity of his execution. In his best days, before his sense of failing eyesight and the rivalry of rising pre-Raphaelite art aggravated his painful fastidiousness, his rapidity was quite as marvellous as Scott's. The speed was owing to decision, and his decision was owing to the thorough elaboration of his subject in his mind before he committed it to the management of his masterly hand." The stories are numberless of the rapidity with which he executed his work. There are two little King Charles' in the South Kensington Museum, wonders of completeness and masterly painting, whose skins are silk, whose eyes gleam with light. They were said to have been painted in two days. I have read somewhere also the melancholy fact in addition that both the poor little creatures died by violent deaths.

The *Daily News* quotes a rabbit picture exhibited in the British Gallery under which Sir Edwin wrote, "Painted in three quarters of an hour."

The first time I was ever in Sir Edwin's studio was about twelve years ago, when we drove there one summer's day with my father to see a picture of the "Highland Flood" just then completed. We came away talking of the picture, touched by the charm and the kindness of the master of the house, laden with the violets from the garden, which he had given us. Another time the master was no longer there, but his house still opened hospitably with a kind greeting for old days' sake from those who had belonged to him and who had known my father. We were let in at the side gate. There stood the great white house that we remembered; we crossed the garden, where the dead leaves were still heaped, and some mist was hanging among the bare branches of the trees, and so by an entrance lined with pictures into the great studio once more, where all the memories and pictures were crowding, hanging to the walls, piled against the easels. We seemed to be walking into the shrine of a long life, and one almost felt ashamed, and as if one were surprising its secrets. All about the walls and on the ceiling were time stains spreading in a dim veil; he used to say that he hated whitewash, and that he would never allow any workman but himself about the place. It seemed to me at first as if the cloud of his later days still hung about the room,

where he had suffered so many cruel hours; but, looking again, there were his many bright and sweet fancies meeting us on every side, and the gloom suddenly dispelled. Everywhere are beautiful and charming things, that strike one as one looks. Perhaps it is a tender little calf's head tied by its nose, perhaps a flock of sheep against a soft grey sky. There are old companions over the chimney, Sir Roderick and David Roberts looking out of a gloom of paint; there is a lion roaring among the rocks that seems to fill the room with its din.

As we look round we see more pictures and sketches of every description. There is a little princess, in green velvet, feeding a great Newfoundland dog; there is the picture of the young man dying in some calm distant place, with a little quivering living dog upon his knee looking up into his face; near to this stands a lovely little sketch about which Miss Landseer told us a little story. One day the painter was at work when they came hurriedly to tell him that the Queen was riding up to his garden-gate, and wished him to come out to her. He was to see her mounted upon her horse for a picture he was to paint. It seemed to me like some fanciful little story out of a fairy tale, or some old-world legend. The young painter at his art; the young queen cantering up, followed by her court, and passing on, and the sketch remaining to tell the story. He has painted in the old archway at Windsor Castle; the light and queenly figure is drifting from beneath it, other people are following, the sun is shining. Many of these sketches are hasty, but there is not one that does not bear traces of the master's hand.

We all know Sir Joshua's often-quoted answer to Lord Holland, when he asked him how long he had been painting his picture.

"All my life," is written in many a picture, as it is written indeed in many a face. Take the likeness of Gibson, with his keen downcast head, simple, manly, and refined. Is not his whole life written there? With the *thrill* of this noble portrait rises a vision within a vision of another studio miles and years away. The click of the workman's hammer comes echoing through Roman sunshine—the marble dust is lying in a heap at our feet—there stands the sculptor in his working dress, pointing to the band of colour in the Venus' waving hair.

There is another portrait in the room, to which the painter has given all his best



and noblest work. He has opened his magic box — Pandora's was nothing to it — and there stands a lady with her child in her arms, endowed with a gentle might of grace, of womanly instinct and beauty. The baby's little foot is caught in the lacework of the shawl; the mother's face is turned aside. It is a charming group, refined, full of sentiment. But for all women Edwin Landseer had this courteous feeling of manly deference. There is a Highland mother sitting with a little Highland baby in her arms among limpid grays and browns; there is a lovely marchioness with a dear little chubby innocent-eyed baby upon her knee. It is all the same feeling, the same grace and tenderness of expression.

Ruskin describes somewhere the attitude of mind in which a true artist should set to work. Shamart concocts its effect bit by bit; it puts in a light here, a shade there; piles on beauties, rubs in sentiment. The true painter will receive the impression straight from the subject, and then, keeping to that precious impression, works upon it with all his skill and power of attention. Anybody can understand the difference. Even great artists like Landseer sometimes paint pictures out of tune with their own natures, where the painter's skill is evident, and his industry, but his heart is not.

But here is his heart in many a delightful sketch and completed work: — in the "lovable dogs' heads" that my companion liked so much, with eyes flashing and melting from the canvas; in the pointer's creeping along the ground; in the sportsmanlike eagerness and stir of the "otter-hunt;" in the tender uplifted paw of the little dog talking to Godiva's horse; in many a sketch and completed picture.

When Landseer first became intimate with Mr. Jacob Bell, he was not a rich man, nor had he ever been able to save any money, but under this excellent and experienced good advice and management the painter's affairs became more flourishing. When Mr. Bell died, his partner devoted himself, as he had done, to Sir Edwin's interests. The little old cottage had been added to and enlarged meanwhile, the great studio was built, the park was enclosed, the pictures and prints multiplied and spread, the painter's popularity grew.

One wonderful — never to be forgotten — night my father took us to see some great ladies in their dresses going to the Queen's fancy ball. We drove to —

House (it is all very vague and dazzlingly indistinct in my mind). We were shown into a great empty room, and almost immediately some doors were flung open, there came a blaze of light, a burst of laughing voices, and from a many-twinkling dinner-table rose a company that seemed, to our unaccustomed eyes, as if all the pictures in Hampton Court had come to life. The chairs scraped back, the ladies and gentlemen advanced together over the shining floors. I can remember their high heels clicking on the floor: they were in the dress of the court of King Charles II.; the ladies beautiful, dignified, and excited. There was one, lovely and animated, in yellow; I remember her pearls shining. Another seemed to us even more beautiful, as she crossed the room all dressed in black — but she, I think, was not going to the ball; and then somebody began to say, "Sir Edwin has promised to rouge them," and then everybody to call out for him, and there was also an outcry about his moustaches that '*really* must be shaved off,' for they were not in keeping with his dress. Then, as in a dream, we went off to some other great house, Bath House perhaps, where one lady, more magnificently dressed than all the others, was sitting in a wax-lighted dressing-room, in a sumptuous sort of conscious splendour, and just behind her chair stood a smiling gentleman, also in court dress, whom my father knew, and he held up something in one hand and laughed, and said he must go back to the house from whence we came, and the lady thanked him and called him Sir Edwin. We could not understand who this Sir Edwin was, who seemed to be wherever we went. Nor why he should put on the rouge. Then the majestic lady showed us her beautiful jewelled shoe, and one person, who it was I cannot remember, suddenly fell on her knees exclaiming, "Oh, let me kiss it." Then a fairy thundering chariot carried off this splendid lady, and the nosegays of the hanging footmen seemed to scent the air as the equipage drove off under the covered way. Perhaps all this is only a dream, but I think it is true: for there was again a third house where we found more pictures alive, two beautiful young pictures and their mother, for whom a parcel was brought in post-haste containing a jewel all dropping with pearls. Events seem so vivid when people are nameless, are only faces not lives, when all life is an impression. That evening

was always the nearest approach to a live fairy tale that we ever lived, and that ball more brilliant than any we ever beheld.

No wonder Edwin Landseer liked the society of these good-natured and splendid people, and no wonder they liked him. To be a delightful companion is in itself no small gift. Edwin Landseer's company was a wonder of charming gaiety. I have heard my father speak of it with the pride he used to take in the gifts of others.

I see a note about nothing at all lying on the table, which a friend has sent among some others of sadder import; but it seems to give a picture of a day's work, written as it is with "the palette in the other hand," at the time of Sir Edwin's health of labour and popularity.

"I shall like to be scolded by you," he writes. "This eve I dine with Lord Hardinge, and have to go to Lord Londesborough's after the banquet, and then to come back here to R. A. Leslie, who has a family hop — which I am afraid will entirely fill up my time, otherwise I should have been delighted to say yes. Pray give me another opportunity.

"Written with my palette in the other hand, in honest hurry."

Perhaps Edwin Landseer was the first among modern painters who restored the old traditions of a certain sumptuous habit of living and association with great persons. The charm of manner of which kind Leslie spoke put him at ease in a world where charm of manner is not without its influence, and where his brilliant gifts and high-minded scrupulous spirit made him deservedly loved, trusted, and popular. To artistic natures especially, there is something almost irresistible in the attraction of beauty and calm leisure, refinement. They seem to say more perhaps than such things are really worth themselves — a lovely marchioness leaving her world of brilliant conversation and well-rubbed plate and beautifully dressed companions of high rank to devote herself to a little baby, or to tend some gentle home affection, is certainly a more attractive impersonation of domesticity than the worried and untidy materfamilias in the suburban villa who has been wearily and ignobly struggling with a maid-of-all-work, and whose way of loving and power of affection is so hurried and distracted by economies of every sort.

Lords and ladies have to thank the intellectual classes for many of the things

that make their homes delightful and complete: for the noble pictures on their walls, the books that speak to them, the arts that move them; and, perhaps, the intelligent classes might in their turn learn to adorn their own homes with something of the living art which belongs to many of these well-bred people, who sometimes win the best loved of the workers away from their companions and make them welcome. No wonder that men not otherwise absorbed by home ties are delighted and charmed by a sense of artistic fitness and tranquillity, which surely might be more widely spread, by a certain gentleness and deference that often strike one as wanting among many good, wise, and true-hearted people, who might with advantage improve their own manner and their wives' happiness by some admixture of chivalry in the round of their honest hard-working existence.

A friend has sent me the following pages, which describe Sir Edwin at this time, and I cannot do better than give them here as they have come to me.

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men," was not applicable to Landseer. Though not one of its greatest men, he was a man of acknowledged genius, and was courted, admired, made much of, by all who knew him. 'Landseer will be with us,' was held out as an inducement to join many a social board, where his wit, gaiety, and peculiar powers of mimicry rendered him a delightful guest. But I am speaking of him as he appeared before the fine spirit was darkened by one of the heaviest of calamities!

"Landseer's perceptions of character were remarkably acute. Not only did he know what was passing in the hearts of dogs, but he could read pretty closely into those of men and women also. The love of truth was an instinct with him; his common phrase about those he estimated highly was that 'they had the true ring.' This was most applicable to himself; there was no alloy in *his* metal; he was true to himself and to others. This was proved in many passages of his life, when nearly submerged by those disappointments and troubles which are more especially felt by sensitive organizations such as that which it was his fortune — or misfortune — to possess. It was a pity that Landseer, who might have done so much for the good of animal-kind, never wrote on the subject of their treatment.

He had a strong feeling against the way some dogs are tied up, only allowed their freedom now and then. He used to say a man would fare better tied up than a dog, because the former can take his coat off, but a dog lives in his for ever. He declared a tied-up dog, without daily exercise, goes mad, or dies, in three years. His wonderful power over dogs is well known. An illustrious lady asked him how it was that he gained this knowledge. 'By peeping into their hearts, ma'am,' was his answer. I remember once being wonderfully struck with the mesmeric attraction he possessed with them. A large party of his friends were with him at his house in St. John's Wood; his servant opened the door: three or four dogs rushed in, one a very fierce-looking mastiff. We ladies recoiled, but there was no fear; the creature bounded up to Landseer, treated him like an old friend, with most expansive demonstrations of delight. Some one remarking 'how fond the dog seemed of him,' he said, 'I never saw it before in my life.'

"Would that horse-trainers could have learnt from him how horses could be broken in or trained more easily by kindness than by cruelty. Once when visiting him he came in from his meadow looking somewhat dishevelled and tired. 'What have you been doing?' we asked him. 'Only teaching some horses tricks for Astley's, and here is *my* whip,' he said, showing us a piece of sugar in his hand. He said that breaking-in horses meant more often breaking their hearts, and robbing them of all their spirit.

"Innumerable are the instances, if I had the space, I could give you of his kind and wise laws respecting the treatment of the animal world, and it is a pity they are not preserved for the large portion of the world who love, and wish to ameliorate, the condition of their 'poor relations.'

"There were few studios formerly more charming to visit than Landseer's. Besides the genial artist and his beautiful pictures, the habitués of his workshop (as he called it) belonged to the élite of London society, especially the men of wit and distinguished talents—none more often there than D'Orsay, with his good-humoured face, his ready wit, and delicate flattery. 'Landseer,' he would call out at his entrance, 'keep the dogs off me' (the painted ones), 'I want to come in, and some of them will bite me—and that fellow in de corner is growling furiously.' Another day he seriously asked

me for a pin, and when I presented it to him and wished to know why he wanted it, he replied, 'To take de thorn out of dat dog's foot; do you not see what pain he is in?' I never look at the picture now without this other picture rising before me. Then there was Mulready, still looking upon Landseer as the young student, and fearing that all this incense would spoil him for future work; and Fonblanque, who maintained from first to last that he was on the top rung of the ladder, and when at the exhibition of some of Landseer's later works, he heard it said, 'They were not equal to his former ones,' he exclaimed in his own happy manner, 'It is hard upon Landseer to flog him with his own laurels.'

"But, dear A—, I am exceeding the limits of a letter; you asked me to write some of my impressions about Landseer, and I am sure you and all his friends will forgive me for being verbose when recalling, not only the great gifts, but delightful qualities of our lost friend."

Here is one of his early letters to this lady:—

"February 2, 1836.

"Dear —, — I must not allow more time to vanish without thanking you for that old friendly note of yours, re-read some days ago. I fully expected to thank you personally on Wednesday last, only it was the wrong eve. I am sure that you will be pleased to hear that my brother Charles is so much better. The seaside has put him on his legs again. When are you to be at home? Remember me to Mr. Craufurd and his darling daughter.

"Believe me gratefully and sincerely yours."

"My worn-out old pencil will work with friendly gladness in an old friend's service," he writes to my father, who had asked him to draw a sketch for the *Cornhill Magazine*.

Some years after:—

"I quite forgot that I dined with a group of doctors (a committee) at two o'clock. R. A. business after dinner. This necessity prevents me kissing hands before your departure. Don't become too Italian; don't speak broken English to your old friends on your return to our village, where you will find no end of us charmed to have you back again; and amongst them, let me say, you will find old E. L. sincerely glad to see his unvarying K. P. once more by that old fire-side."

So he writes in '63 to the friend to whom I owe the notes already given here. There is the "true ring," as he himself says, in these faithful greetings continued through a lifetime. And now that the life is over, the friend still seems there, and his hand sketches faithfully from the little blue page.

He writes again September 2, 1864:—

"Do you think you could bring Mrs. Brookfield to my lion studio to-morrow between five and six o'clock? I have forgotten her address, or would not trouble you. Have you still got that cruel dagger in your sleeve? If you can also lasso my friend Brookfield I shall be grateful, and beg you to believe me your used up old friend,  
E. L."

A little later I find a note written in better spirits. His work is done, and those great over-weighing sphinxes are no longer upon his mind. "The colossal clay," he says, "is now in Baron Marochetti's hands, casting in metal. When No. 2 is in a respectable condition remind me of Colonel Hamley's kind and highly flattering desire to see my efforts. We can, on the 3rd, discuss pictures, lions, and friends.

"Yours always, E. L."

What efforts his work had cost him, and what a price he paid for that which he achieved, may be gathered from a letter to another correspondent, which was written about this time:—

"Dear H." he says, "I am much surprised by your note. The plates, large vignettes, are all *the same size*. The sketches from which they were engraved for the deer stalking work being done in a sketch-book of a particular shape and size. Those of the O form all the same, as also the others. I have got quite trouble enough; ten or twelve pictures about which I am tortured, and a large national monument to complete. . . . If I am bothered about everything and anything, no matter what, I know my head will not stand it much longer."

"I cannot even leave off to read Gosling's letter," he says, writing to this same T. H. "If you will call at three you will find me." Then again, in another note, "Have the kindness to read the enclosed. Perhaps you could kindly call on the party." Then comes "the matter which you are kind enough to express willingness to look into;" it is one long record of good advice rendered and gratitude

freely given. Elsewhere Landseer writes to this same correspondent. "I have just parted from your friend P. He strongly urged my going to 45, where I have been so kindly received of late. I told him you were an object for plunder in this world, and that I was ashamed of living on you as others do." This letter is written in a state of nervous irritation which is very painful; he wishes to make changes in his house; to build, to alter the arrangements; he does not know what to decide or where to go; the struggle of an over-wrought mind is beginning to tell. It is the penalty some men must pay for their gifts; but some generous souls may not think the price of a few weary years too great for a life of useful and ennobling work.

The letters grow sadder and more sad as time goes on. Miss Landseer has kindly sent me some, written to her between 1866 and 1869. The first is written from abroad:—

"I have made up my mind to return, to face the ocean! The weather is unfriendly—sharp wind and spiteful rain. There is no denying the fact, since my arrival and during my sojourn here I have been less well. The doctors keep on saying it is on the nerves; hereafter they may be found to be in error. Kind Lady E. Peel keeps on writing for me to go to Villa Lammermoor, and says she will undertake my recovery. I desire to get home. With this feeling, I am to leave this to-morrow, pass some hours in Paris (with W. B., in a helpless state of ignorance of the French language); take the rail to Calais at night, if it does not blow cats and dogs; take the vessel to Dover; hope to be home on the 6th before two o'clock. If C. L. had started to come here he might have enjoyed *unlimited* amusement and novelty. B. M. and I wrote to that effect; he leaving on Sunday night . . . would have found me and B. M. waiting his arrival to bring him here to dinner."

The next is a letter from Balmoral, dated June 1867:—

"The Queen kindly commands me to get well here. She has to-day been twice to my room to show additions recently added to her already rich collection of photographs. Why, I know not, but since I have been in the Highlands I have for the first time felt wretchedly weak, without appetite. The easterly winds, and now again the unceasing cold

rain, may possibly account for my condition, as I can't get out. Drawing tires me; however, I have done a little better to-day. The doctor residing in the castle has taken me in hand, and gives me leave to dine to-day with the Queen and the 'rest of the royal family.' . . . Flogging would be mild compared to my sufferings. No sleep, fearful cramp at night, accompanied by a feeling of faintness and distressful feebleness. . . . All this means that I shall not be home on the 7th."

He seems to have returned to Scotland a second time this year, and writes from Lochlinhart, Dingwall:—

"I made out my journey without pausing, starting on the eve of Thursday the 3rd, arriving here the evening of Friday (700 miles) the 4th. I confess to feeling jaded and tired. The whole of the hills here present to the eye one endless mass of snow. It is really cold and winterly. Unless the weather recovers a more *generous* tone I shall not stay long, but at once return south to Chillingham. I was tempted yesterday to go out with Mr. Coleman to the low ground part of the forest, and killed my first shot, at deer. I am paying for my boldness to-day, Sunday. All my joints ache; the lumbago has reasserted its unkindness; a warm bath is in requisition, and I am a poor devil. Unless we have the comfort of genial sunshine, I shall not venture on getting out. . . . I am naturally desirous to hear from you, and to receive a report of the progress of goings on at my home. We have here Mr. C. M. and a third gentleman, just arrived. Mr. Coleman has returned to London on account of his mother's ill health. I have written to H., but in case he has not received my note, let him know my condition; say I shall be very glad to hear from him when he goes to Paris, and how long he remains in foreign parts. I hope you have found Mr. B. and the maids respectfully attentive.

"My dear Jessy, affectionately yours,  
"E. LANDSEER."

The years seem to pass slowly as one reads these letters written in snow and rain and depression. Here is another, dated Stoke Park, July, 1868, which contains a few touching sentences:—

"Dear Jessy,—Strange enough, but I have only just found at the bottom of the bag your little package of letters. Many thanks for your pale green note, so far satisfactory. I believe it is best to  
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yield to Mr. C.'s advice, and remain here another day or two. It is on the cards that I try my boldness by a run up to my home and back here the same day. It is quite a trial for me to be away from the meditation in the old studio—my works starving for my hand."

The last letter is written in 1869 from Chillingham Castle, where he seems to have been at home and in sympathy, although he writes so sadly:—

"Very mortifying are the disappointments I have to face; one day seeming to give hope of a decided turn in favour of natural feeling, the next knocked down again. If my present scheme comes off, I shall not be at home again for ten days. If on my return I find myself a victim to the old impulsive misery, I shall go on to Eastwall Park, as the Duchess of Abercorn writes she will take every care of me. Since I last wrote I have been on a visit to the Dowager Marchioness of Waterford, Ford Castle, a splendid old edifice, which C. L. would enjoy. Love to all."

I go on selecting at hazard from the letters before me:—

"Again accept my gratitude for your constant kindness," he writes to his faithful T. H. H. "The spell is broken in a mild form, but the work is too much for me. The long long walk in the dark, after the shot is fired, over rocks, bog, black moss, and through torrents, is more than enough for *twenty-five*!"

"Poor C. has been very ill rewarded for his Highland enterprise. Fifteen hundred miles of peril on the rail; endless bad weather whilst he was here, without killing one deer; finally obliged to hurry off. . . . I have begged him not to think of undertaking another long journey on my account, even in the event of his being able to leave home. . . . It is like you to think of my request touching medicines for the poor here. . . . We have a dead calm after the wicked weather; not a dimple in the lake. I am not bold yet. Possibly reaction may take place in the quiet of the studio. I shall not start on great difficulties, but on child's play."

Here is another letter, written in the following spring:—

"March 11th, 1869.

"I know you like water better than oil; but, in spite of your love of paper-staining, I venture to beg your acceptance of



these oil studies, which you will receive as old friends from the Zoo.

"In some respects they will recall the interest you took in my labours for the Nelson lions, and I hope will always remind you of my admiration for your kindly nature, to say nothing of my endless obligations to your unceasing desire to aid a poor old man, nearly used up.

"Dear T. H. H., ever sincerely yours,  
"E. LANDSEER."

Here is a letter which is very characteristic : —

"Saturday Eve, 5 June.

"Dear H., — I am not quite content with myself touching the proposed suggestion of our taking advantage of an offer made by — for the two pictures. He has not put his desire to have the pictures in writing, has he? We must talk it over to-morrow if you come up at four o'clock, or sooner. . . . The enclosed letters are most friendly, as you will see. Read them and bring them up to-morrow. I am anything but well; botherations unfit me for healthy work. You must pat me on the back to-morrow; at the same time, if anything has turned up more attractive don't bind yourself to me.

"I should not dislike a drive or a walk to-morrow before dinner."

He writes once again : —

"I have a great horror of the *smell* of a trick or a money motive."

"My dear Hills, — My health (or rather condition) is a mystery quite beyond human intelligence. I sleep well seven hours and awake tired and jaded, and do not rally till after luncheon. J. L. came down yesterday and did her very best to cheer me. She left at nine. . . . I return to my own home, in spite of a kind invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone to meet Princess Louise at breakfast.

"I wonder if you are free to-morrow. I shall try and catch you for a little dinner with me, tho' I'm sure to find you better engaged.

"Dear H., ever thine,  
"E. L."

Then comes the sad concluding scene — the long illness and the anxious watch. Was ever any one more tenderly nursed and cared for? Those who had loved him in his bright wealth of life now watched the long days one by one, telling away its treasure. He was very weak in body latterly, but sometimes he used to go into the garden and walk round the

paths, leaning on his sister's arm. One beautiful Spring morning he looked up and said, "I shall never see the green leaves again;" but he did see them, Mrs. Mackenzie said. He lived through another Spring. He used to lie in his studio, where he would have liked to die. To the very end he did not give up his work; but he used to go on, painting a little at a time, faithful to his task.

When he was almost at his worst — so some one told me — they gave him his easel and his canvas, and left him alone in the studio, in the hope that he might take up his work and forget his suffering. When they came back they found that he had painted the picture of a little lamb lying beside a lion. This and "The Font" were the last pictures ever painted by that faithful hand. "The Font" is an allegory of all creeds and all created things coming together into the light of truth. The Queen is the owner of "The Font." She wrote to her old friend and expressed her admiration for it, and asked to become the possessor. Her help and sympathy brightened the sadness of those last days for him. It is well known that he appealed to her once, when haunted by some painful apprehensions, and that her wise and judicious kindness came to the help of his nurses. She sent him back a message: bade him not be afraid, and to trust in those who were doing their best for him, and in whom she herself had every confidence.

Sir Edwin once told Mr. Browning that he had thought upon the subject, and come to the conclusion that the stag was the bravest of all animals. Other animals are born warriors, they fight in a dogged and determined sort of way; the stag is naturally timid, trembling, vibrating with every sound, flying from danger, from the approach of other creatures, halting to fight. When pursued its first impulse is to escape; but when turned to bay and flight is impossible it fronts its enemies nobly, closes its eyes not to see the horrible bloodshed, and with its branching horns steadily tosses dog after dog up one upon the other, until overpowered at last by numbers it sinks to its death.

It seems to me, as I think of it, not unlike a picture of his own sad end. Nervous, sensitive, high-minded, working on to the end, he was brought to bay and at last overpowered by that terrible mental rout and misery.

He wished to die in his studio — his dear studio for which he used to long

when he was away, and where he lay so long expecting the end, but it was in his own room that he slept away. His brother was with him. His old friend came into the room. He knew him, and pressed his hand. . . .

As time goes on the men are born, one by one, who seem to bring to us the answers to the secrets of life, each in his place and revealing in his turn according to his gift. Such men belong to nature's true priesthood, and among their names, not forgotten, will be that of Edwin Landseer.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

### THE PARISIANS.

BY LORD LYTTON.

#### PREFATORY NOTE.

(BY THE AUTHOR'S SON.)

"THE Parisians" and "Kenelm Chillingly" were begun about the same time, and had their common origin in the same central idea. That idea first found fantastic expression in "The Coming Race;" and the three books, taken together, constitute a special group distinctly apart from all the other works of their author.

The satire of his earlier novels is a protest against false social respectabilities; the humour of his later ones is a protest against the disrespect of social realities. By the first he sought to promote social sincerity, and the free play of personal character; by the last, to encourage mutual charity and sympathy amongst all classes on whose inter-relation depends the character of society itself. But in these three books, his latest fictions, the moral purpose is more definite and exclusive. Each of them is an expostulation against what seemed to him the perilous popularity of certain social and political theories, or a warning against the influence of certain intellectual tendencies upon individual character and national life. This purpose, however, though common to the three fictions, is worked out in each of them by a different method. "The Coming Race" is a work of pure fancy, and the satire of it is vague and sportive. The outlines of a definite purpose are more distinctly drawn in "Chillingly"—a romance which has the source of its effect in a highly-wrought imagination. The humour and pathos of "Chillingly" are of a kind incompatible with the design of "The Parisians," which is a work of dramatized observation. "Chillingly" is a Romance, "The Parisians" is a Novel. The subject of "Chillingly" is psychological; that of "The Parisians" is social. The author's object in "Chillingly" being to illustrate the effect of "modern ideas" upon an individual character, he has confined his narrative to the

biography of that one character. Hence the simplicity of plot and small number of *dramatis personæ*; whereby the work gains in height and depth what it loses in breadth of surface. "The Parisians," on the contrary, is designed to illustrate the effect of "modern ideas" upon a whole community. This novel is therefore panoramic in the profusion and variety of figures presented by it to the reader's imagination. No exclusive prominence is vouchsafed to any of these figures. All of them are drawn and coloured with an equal care, but by means of the bold broad touches necessary for their effective presentation on a canvas so large and so crowded. Such figures are, indeed, but the component features of one great Form, and their actions only so many modes of one collective impersonal character—that of the Parisian Society of Imperial and Democratic France;—a character everywhere present and busy throughout the story, of which it is the real hero or heroine. This society was doubtless selected for characteristic illustration as being the most advanced in the progress of "modern ideas." Thus, for a complete perception of its writer's fundamental purpose, "The Parisians" should be read in connection with "Chillingly," and these two books in connection with "The Coming Race." It will then be perceived that, through the medium of alternate fancy, sentiment, and observation, assisted by humour and passion, these three books (in all other respects so different from each other) complete the presentation of the same purpose under different aspects; and thereby constitute a group of fictions which claims a separate place of its own in any thoughtful classification of their author's works.

One last word to those who will miss from these pages the connecting and completing touches of the master's hand.\* It may be hoped that such a disadvantage, though irreparable, is somewhat mitigated by the essential character of the work itself. The æsthetic merit of this kind of novel is in the vivacity of a general effect produced by large swift strokes of character; and in such strokes, if they be by a great artist, force and freedom of style must still be apparent, even when they are left rough and unfinished. Nor can any lack of final verbal correction much diminish the intellectual value which many of the more thoughtful passages of the present work derive from a long, keen, and practical study of political phenomena, guided by personal experience of public life, and enlightened by a large, instinctive knowledge of the human heart.

Such a belief is, at least, encouraged by the private communications spontaneously made, to him who expresses it, by persons of political experience and social position in France; who have acknowledged the general accuracy of the author's descriptions, and noticed the suggestive sagacity and penetration of his occasional

\* See also Note by the Author's Son, p. 373.

comments on the circumstances and sentiments he describes.

It only remains to discharge a debt of gratitude to Messrs. Blackwood by thus publicly acknowledging the careful and scrupulous attention they have given to the printing of this book, and the efforts made by them, under exceptionally difficult conditions, to present to their readers in the best possible form, this, the last of that long list of well-known fictions, which throughout every region of Europe and America have now for so many years associated their name with that of its author.

L.

## CHAPTER V.

THE time now came when all provision of food or of fuel failed the modest household of Isaura; and there was not only herself and the Venosta to feed and warm — there were the servants whom they had brought from Italy, and had not the heart now to dismiss to the certainty of famine. True, one of the three, the man, had returned to his native land before the commencement of the siege; but the two women had remained. They supported themselves now as they could on the meagre rations accorded by the Government. Still Isaura attended the ambulance to which she was attached. From the ladies associated with her she could readily have obtained ample supplies: but they had no conception of her real state of destitution; and there was a false pride generally prevalent among the respectable classes, which Isaura shared, that concealed distress lest alms should be proffered.

The destitution of the household had been carefully concealed from the parents of Gustave Rameau until, one day, Madame Rameau, entering at the hour at which she generally, and her husband sometimes, came for a place by the fire-side and a seat at the board, found on the one only ashes, on the other a ration of the black nauseous compound which had become the substitute for bread.

Isaura was absent on her duties at the ambulance hospital, — purposely absent, for she shrank from the bitter task of making clear to the friends of her betrothed the impossibility of continuing the aid to their support which their son had neglected to contribute; and still more from the comment which she knew they would make on his conduct, in absentsing himself so wholly of late, and in the time of such trial and pressure, both from them and from herself. Truly, she rejoiced at that absence so far as it affected herself. Every hour of the day she silently asked her conscience

whether she were not now absolved from a promise won from her only by an assurance that she had power to influence for good the life that now voluntarily separated itself from her own. As she had never loved Gustave, so she felt no resentment at the indifference his conduct manifested. On the contrary, she hailed it as a sign that the annulment of their betrothal would be as welcome to him as to herself. And if so, she could restore to him the sort of compassionate friendship she had learned to cherish in the hour of his illness and repentance. She had resolved to seize the first opportunity he afforded to her of speaking to him with frank and truthful plainness. But, meanwhile, her gentle nature recoiled from the confession of her resolve to appeal to Gustave himself for the rupture of their engagement.

Thus the Venosta alone received Madame Rameau; and while that lady was still gazing round her with an emotion too deep for immediate utterance, her husband entered with an expression of face new to him — the look of a man who has been stung to anger, and who has braced his mind to some stern determination. This altered countenance of the good-tempered *bourgeois* was not, however, noticed by the two women. The Venosta did not even raise her eyes to it, as with humbled accents she said, "Pardon, dear Monsieur, pardon, Madame, our want of hospitality; it is not our hearts that fail. We kept our state from you as long as we could. Now it speaks for itself: '*La fame è una bratta festin.*'"

"Oh, Madame! and oh, my poor Isaura!" cried Madame Rameau, bursting into tears. "So we have been all this time a burden on you, — aided to bring such want on you! How can we ever be forgiven? And my son, — to leave us thus, — not even to tell us where to find him!"

"Do not degrade us, my wife," said M. Rameau, with unexpected dignity, "by a word to imply that we would stoop to sue for support to our ungrateful child. No, we will not starve! I am strong enough still to find food for you. I will apply for restoration to the National Guard. They have augmented the pay to married men; it is now nearly two francs and a half a-day to a *père de famille*, and on that pay we all can at least live. Courage, my wife! I will go at once for employment. Many men older than I am are at watch on the ramparts, and will march to the battle on the next sortie."

"It shall not be so," exclaimed Madame Rameau, vehemently, and winding her arm round her husband's neck. "I loved my son better than thee once — more the shame to me. Now, I would rather lose twenty such sons than peril thy life, my Jacques! Madame," she continued, turning to the Venosta, "thou wert wiser than I. Thou wert ever opposed to the union between thy young friend and my son. I felt sore with thee for it — a mother is so selfish when she puts herself in the place of her child. I thought that only through marriage with one so pure, so noble, so holy, Gustave could be saved from sin and evil. I am deceived. A man so heartless to his parents, so neglectful of his affianced, is not to be redeemed. I brought about this betrothal: tell Isaura that I release her from it. I have watched her closely since she was entrapped into it. I know how miserable the thought of it has made her, though, in her sublime devotion to her plighted word, she sought to conceal from me the real state of her heart. If the betrothal bring such sorrow, what would the union do! Tell her this from me. Come, Jacques, come away!"

"Stay, Madame!" exclaimed the Venosta, her excitable nature much affected by this honest outburst of feeling. "It is true that I did oppose, so far as I could, my poor *Piccola's* engagement with M. Gustave. But I dare not do your bidding. Isaura would not listen to me. And let us be just; M. Gustave may be able satisfactorily to explain his seeming indifference and neglect. His health is always very delicate; perhaps he may be again dangerously ill. He serves in the National Guard; perhaps," — she paused, but the mother conjectured the word left unsaid, and, clasping her hands, cried out in anguish, "Perhaps dead! — and we have wronged him! Oh, Jacques, Jacques! how shall we find out — how discover our boy? Who can tell us where to search? at the hospital — or in the cemeteries?" At the last word she dropped into a seat, and her whole frame shook with her sobs.

Jacques approached her tenderly, and kneeling by her side, said —

"No, *m'amie*, comfort thyself, if it be indeed comfort to learn that thy son is alive and well. For my part, I know not if I would not rather he had died in his innocent childhood. I have seen him — spoken to him. I know where he is to be found."

"You do, and concealed it from me? Oh, Jacques!"

"Listen to me, wife, and you too, Madame; for what I have to say should be made known to Mademoiselle Cicogna. Some time since, on the night of the famous sortie, when at my post on the ramparts, I was told that Gustave had joined himself to the most violent of the Red Republicans, and had uttered at the *Club de la Vengeance* sentiments, of which I will only say that I, his father and a Frenchman, hung my head with shame when they were repeated to me. I resolved to go to the club myself. I did. I heard him speak — heard him denounce Christianity as the instrument of tyrants."

"Ah!" cried the two women, with a simultaneous shudder.

"When the assembly broke up, I waylaid him at the door. I spoke to him seriously. I told him what anguish such announcement of blasphemous opinions would inflict on his pious mother. I told him I should deem it my duty to inform Mademoiselle Cicogna, and warn her against the union on which he had told us his heart was bent. He appeared sincerely moved by what I said; implored me to keep silence towards his mother and his betrothed; and promised, on that condition, to relinquish at once what he called 'his career as an orator,' and appear no more at such execrable clubs. On this understanding I held my tongue. Why, with such other causes of grief and suffering, should I tell thee, poor wife, of a sin that I hoped thy son had repented and would not repeat? And Gustave kept his word. He has never, so far as I know, attended, at least spoken, at the Red club since that evening."

"Thank heaven so far," murmured Madame Rameau.

"So far, yes; but hear more. A little time after I had thus met him he changed his lodging, and did not confide to us his new address, giving as a reason to us that he wished to avoid all clue to his discovery by that pertinacious Mademoiselle Julie."

Rameau had here sunk his voice into a whisper, intended only for his wife, but the ear of the Venosta was fine enough to catch the sound, and she repeated, "Mademoiselle Julie! Santa Maria! who is she?"

"Oh," said M. Rameau, with a shrug of his shoulders, and with a true Parisian *sang froid* as to such matters of morality, "a trifle not worth considering. Of

course a good-looking *garçon* like Gustave must have his little affairs of the heart before he settles for life. Unluckily, amongst those of Gustave was one with a violent-tempered girl who persecuted him when he left her, and he naturally wished to avoid all chance of a silly scandal, if only out of respect to the dignity of his *fiancée*. But I found that was not the true motive, or at least the only one, for concealment. Prepare yourself, my poor wife. Thou hast heard of these terrible journals which the *déchéance* has let loose upon us. Our unhappy boy is the principal writer of one of the worst of them, under the name of 'Diderot le Jeune.'"

"What!" cried the Venosta. "That monster! The good Abbé Vertpré was telling us of the writings with that name attached to them. The Abbé himself is denounced by name as one of those meddling priests who are to be constrained to serve as soldiers, or pointed out to the vengeance of the *canaille*. Isaura's *fiancée* a blasphemer!"

"Hush, hush!" said Madame Rameau rising, very pale but self-collected. "How do you know this, Jacques?"

"From the lips of Gustave himself. I heard first of it yesterday from one of the young reprobates with whom he used to be familiar, and who even complimented me on the rising fame of my son, and praised the eloquence of his article that day. But I would not believe him. I bought the journal—here it is; I saw the name and address of the printer—went this morning to the office—was there told that 'Diderot le Jeune' was within revising the press—stationed myself by the street door, and when Gustave came out I seized his arm and asked him to say Yes or No if he was the author of this infamous article,—this, which I now hold in my hand. He owned the authorship with pride; talked wildly of the great man he was—of the great things he was to do; said that, in hitherto concealing his true name, he had done all he could to defer to the bigoted prejudices of his parents and his *fiancée*; and that if genius, like fire, would find its way out, he could not help it; that a time was rapidly coming when his opinions would be uppermost; that since October the Communists were gaining ascendancy, and only waited the end of the siege to put down the present Government, and with it all hypocrisies and shams, religious or social. My wife, he was rude to me, insulting; but he had been drinking

—that made him incautious: and he continued to walk by my side towards his own lodging, on reaching which he ironically invited me to enter, saying, 'I should meet there men who would soon argue me out of my obsolete notions.' You may go to him, wife, now, if you please. I will not, nor will I take from him a crust of bread. I came hither, determined to tell the young lady all this, if I found her at home. I should be a dishonoured man if I suffered her to be cheated into misery. There, Madame Venosta, there! Take that journal, show it to Mademoiselle, and report to her all I have said."

M. Rameau, habitually the mildest of men, had, in talking, worked himself up into positive fury.

His wife, calmer but more deeply affected, made a piteous sign to the Venosta not to say more; and without other salutation or adieu took her husband's arm, and led him from the house.

#### CHAPTER VI.

OBTAINING from her husband Gustave's address, Madame Rameau hastened to her son's apartment alone through the darkling streets. The house in which he lodged was in a different quarter from that in which Isaura had visited him. Then, the street selected was still in the centre of the *beau monde*—now, it was within the precincts of that section of the many-faced capital in which the *beau monde* was held in detestation or scorn; still the house had certain pretensions, boasting a courtyard and a porter's lodge. Madame Rameau, instructed to mount *au second*, found the door ajar, and, entering, perceived on the table of the little *salon* the remains of a feast which, however untempting it might have been in happier times, contrasted strongly the meagre fare of which Gustave's parents had deemed themselves fortunate to partake at the board of his betrothed;—remnants of those viands which offered to the inquisitive epicure an experiment in food much too costly for the popular stomach—dainty morsels of elephant, hippopotamus, and wolf, interspersed with half-emptied bottles of varied and high-priced wines. Passing these evidences of unseasonable extravagance with a mute sentiment of anger and disgust, Madame Rameau penetrated into a small cabinet, the door of which was also ajar, and saw her son stretched on his bed half dressed, breathing heavily in the sleep which follows intoxication. She did not attempt



to disturb him. She placed herself quietly by his side, gazing mournfully on the face which she had once so proudly contemplated, now haggard and faded,—still strangely beautiful, though it was the beauty of ruin.

From time to time he stirred uneasily, and muttered broken words, in which fragments of his own delicately worded verse were incoherently mixed up with ribald slang, addressed to imaginary companions. In his dreams he was evidently living over again his late revel, with episcopal diversions into the poet-world, of which he was rather a vagrant nomad than a settled cultivator. Then she would silently bathe his feverish temples with the perfumed water she found on his dressing-table. And so she watched till, in the middle of the night, he woke up, and recovered the possession of his reason with a quickness that surprised Madame Rameau. He was, indeed, one of those men in whom excess of drink, when slept off, is succeeded by extreme mildness, the effect of nervous exhaustion, and by a dejected repentance, which to his mother, seemed a propitious lucidity of the moral sense.

Certainly on seeing her he threw himself on her breast, and began to shed tears. Madame Rameau had not the heart to reproach him sternly. But by gentle degrees she made him comprehend the pain he had given to his father, and the destitution in which he had deserted his parents and his affianced. In his present mood Gustave was deeply affected by these representations. He excused himself feebly by dwelling on the excitement of the times, the preoccupation of his mind, the example of his companions; but with his excuses he mingled passionate expressions of remorse, and before daybreak mother and son were completely reconciled. Then he fell into a tranquil sleep; and Madame Rameau, quite worn out, slept also in the chair beside him, her arm around his neck. He awoke before she did at a late hour in the morning; and stealing from her arm, went to his *escritoire*, and took forth what money he found there, half of which he poured into her lap, kissing her till she awoke.

"Mother," he said, "henceforth I will work for thee and my father. Take this trifle now; the rest I reserve for Isaura."

"Joy! I have found my boy again. But Isaura, I fear that she will not take thy money, and all thought of her must also be abandoned."

Gustave had already turned to his looking-glass, and was arranging with care his dark ringlets: his personal vanity—his remorse appeased by this pecuniary oblation—had revived.

"No," he said, gaily, "I don't think I shall abandon her; and it is not likely, when she sees and hears me, that she can wish to abandon me! Now let us breakfast, and then I will go at once to her."

In the meanwhile, Isaura, on her return to her apartment at the wintry night-fall, found a cart stationed at the door, and the Venosta on the threshold, superintending the removal of various articles of furniture—indeed, all such articles as were not absolutely required.

"Oh, *Piccola!*" she said, with an attempt at cheerfulness, "I did not expect thee back so soon." "Hush! I have made a famous bargain. I have found a broker to buy these things which we don't want just at present, and can replace by new and prettier things when the siege is over and we get our money. The broker pays down on the nail, and thou wilt not go to bed without supper. There are no ills which are not more supportable after food."

Isaura smiled faintly, kissed the Venosta's cheek, and ascended with weary steps to the sitting-room. There she seated herself quietly, looking with abstracted eyes round the bare dismantled space by the light of the single candle.

When the Venosta re-entered, she was followed by the servants, bringing in a daintier meal than they had known for days—a genuine rabbit, potatoes, *marons glacés*, a bottle of wine, and a pannier of wood. The fire was soon lighted, the Venosta plying the bellows. It was not till this banquet, of which Isaura, faint as she was, scarcely partook, had been remitted to the two Italian women-servants, and another log been thrown on the hearth, that the Venosta opened the subject which was pressing on her heart. She did this with a joyous smile, taking both Isaura's hands in her own, and stroking them fondly.

"My child, I have such good news for thee! Thou hast escaped—thou art free!" and then she related all that M. Rameau had said, and finished by producing the copy of Gustave's unhallowed journal.

When she had read the latter, which she did with compressed lips and varying colour, the girl fell on her knees—not to thank heaven that she would now escape a union from which her soul so recoiled

—not that she was indeed free,—but to pray, with tears rolling down her cheeks, that God would yet save to Himself, and to good ends, the soul that she had failed to bring to Him. All previous irritation against Gustave was gone: all had melted into an ineffable compassion.

## CHAPTER VII.

WHEN, a little before noon, Gustave was admitted by the servant into Isaura's *salon*, its desolate condition, stripped of all its pretty feminine elegancies, struck him with a sense of discomfort to himself which superseded any more remorseful sentiment. The day was intensely cold: the single log on the hearth did not burn; there were only two or three chairs in the room; even the carpet, which had been of gaily coloured Aubusson, was gone. His teeth chattered; and he only replied by a dreary nod to the servant, who informed him that Madame Venosta was gone out, and Mademoiselle had not yet quitted her own room.

If there be a thing which a true Parisian of Rameau's stamp associates with love of woman, it is a certain sort of elegant surroundings,—a pretty *boudoir*, a cheery hearth, an easy *fauteuil*. In the absence of such attributes, "*fugit retro Venus*." If the Englishman invented the word comfort, it is the Parisian who most thoroughly comprehends the thing. And he resents the loss of it in any house where he has been accustomed to look for it as a personal wrong to his feelings.

Left for some minutes alone, Gustave occupied himself with kindling the log, and muttering, "*Par tous les diables, quel chien de rhume je vais attraper!*" He turned as he heard the rustle of a robe and a light slow step. Isaura stood before him. Her aspect startled him. He had come prepared to expect grave displeasure and a frigid reception. But the expression of Isaura's face was more kindly, more gentle, more tender, than he had seen it since the day she had accepted his suit.

Knowing from his mother what his father had said to his prejudice, he thought within himself, "After all, the poor girl loves me better than I thought. She is sensible and enlightened; she cannot pretend to dictate an opinion to a man like me."

He approached with a complacent self-assured mein, and took her hand, which she yielded to him quietly, leading her to one of the few remaining chairs, and seating himself beside her.

"Dear Isaura," he said, talking rapidly all the while he performed this ceremony, "I need not assure you of my utter ignorance of the state to which the imbecility of our Government, and the cowardice, or rather the treachery, of our generals, has reduced you. I only heard of it late last night from my mother. I hasten to claim my right to share with you the humble resources which I have saved by the intellectual labours that have absorbed all such moments as my military drudgeries left to the talents which, even at such a moment, paralyzing minds less energetic, have sustained me:—" and therewith he poured several pieces of gold and silver on the table beside her chair.

"Gustave," then said Isaura, "I am well pleased that you thus prove that I was not mistaken when I thought and said that, despite all appearances, all errors, your heart was good. Oh, do but follow its true impulses, and —"

"Its impulses lead me ever to thy feet," interrupted Gustave, with a fervour which sounded somewhat theatrical and hollow.

The girl smiled, not bitterly, not mockingly; but Gustave did not like the smile.

"Poor Gustave," she said, with a melancholy pathos in her soft voice, "do you not understand that the time has come when such commonplace compliments ill suit our altered positions to each other? Nay, listen to me patiently; and let not my words in this last interview pain you to recall. If either of us be to blame in the engagement hastily contracted, it is I. Gustave, when you, exaggerating in your imagination the nature of your sentiments for me, said with such earnestness that on my consent to our union depended your health, your life, your career; that if I withheld that consent you were lost, and in despair would seek distraction from thought in all from which your friends, your mother, the duties imposed upon Genius for the good of Man to the ends of God, should withhold and save you—when you said all this, and I believed it, I felt as if Heaven commanded me not to desert the soul which appealed to me in the crisis of its struggle and peril. Gustave, I repent; I was to blame."

"How to blame?"

"I overrated my power over your heart: I overrated still more, perhaps, my power over my own."

"Ah, over your own! I understand now. You did not love me?"

"I never said that I loved you in the sense in which you use the word. I told you that the love which you have described in your verse, and which," she added falteringly, with heightened colour and with hands tightly clasped, "I have conceived possible in my dreams, it was not mine to give. You declared you were satisfied with such affection as I could bestow. Hush! let me go on. You said that affection would increase, would become love, in proportion as I knew you more. It has not done so. Nay, it passed away, even before, in this time of trial and grief, I became aware how different from the love you professed was the neglect which needs no excuse, for it did not pain me."

"You are cruel indeed, Mademoiselle."

"No, indeed, I am kind. I wish you to feel no pang at our parting. Truly I had resolved, when the siege terminated, and the time to speak frankly of our engagement came, to tell you that I shrank from the thought of a union between us; and that it was for the happiness of both that our promises should be mutually cancelled. The moment has come sooner than I thought. Even had I loved you, Gustave, as deeply as—as well as the beings of Romance love, I would not dare to wed one who calls upon mortals to deny God, demolish His altars, treat His worship as a crime. No; I would sooner die of a broken heart, that I might the sooner be one of those souls privileged to pray the Divine Intercessor for merciful light on those beloved and left dark on earth."

"Isaura!" exclaimed Gustave, his mobile temperament impressed, not by the words of Isaura, but by the passionate earnestness with which they were uttered, and by the exquisite spiritual beauty which her face took from the combined sweetness and fervour of its devout expression,—"Isaura, I merit your censure, your sentence of condemnation; but do not ask me to give back your plighted troth. I have not the strength to do so. More than ever, more than when first pledged to me, I need the aid, the companionship, of my guardian angel. You were that to me once; abandon me not now. In these terrible times of revolution, excitable natures catch madness from each other. A writer in the heat of his passion says much that he does not mean to be literally taken, which in cooler moments he repents and retracts. Consider, too, the pressure of want, of hun-

ger. It is the opinions that you so condemn which alone at this moment supply bread to the writer. But say you will yet pardon me,—yet give me trial if I offend no more—if I withdraw my aid to any attacks on your views, your religion—if I say, 'Thy God shall be my God, and thy people shall be my people.'"

"Alas!" said Isaura, softly, "ask thyself if those be words which I can believe again. Hush!" she continued, checking his answer with a more kindling countenance and more impassioned voice. "Are they, after all, the words that man should address to woman? Is it on the strength of Woman that Man should rely? Is it to her that he should say, 'Dictate my opinions on all that belongs to the Mind of man; change the doctrines that I have thoughtfully formed and honestly advocate; teach me how to act on earth, clear all my doubts as to my hopes of heaven'? No, Gustave; in this task man never should repose on woman. Thou art honest at this moment, my poor friend; but could I believe thee to-day, thou wouldst laugh to-morrow at what woman can be made to believe."

Stung to the quick by the truth of Isaura's accusation, Gustave exclaimed with vehemence—"All that thou sayest is false, and thou knowest it. The influence of woman on man for good or for evil defies reasoning. It does mould his deeds on earth; it does either make or mar all that future which lies between his life and his gravestone, and of whatsoever may lie beyond the grave. Give me up now, and thou art responsible for me, for all I do, it may be against all that thou dearest holy. Keep thy troth yet a while, and test me. If I come to thee showing how I could have injured, and how for thy dear sake I have spared, nay, aided, all that thou dost believe and reverence, then wilt thou dare to say, 'Go thy ways alone—I forsake thee!'"

Isaura turned aside her face, but she held out her hand—it was as cold as death. He knew that she had so far yielded, and his vanity exulted; he smiled in secret triumph as he pressed his kiss on that icy hand, and was gone.

"This is duty—it must be duty," said Isaura to herself. "But where is the buoyant delight that belongs to a duty achieved?—where? oh, where?" And then she stole with drooping head and heavy step, into her own room, fell on her knees, and prayed.

## CHAPTER VIII.

IN vain persons, be they male or female, there is a complacent self-satisfaction in any momentary personal success, however little that success may conduce to—nay, however much it may militate against—the objects to which their vanity itself devotes its more permanent desires. A vain woman may be very anxious to win A—, the magnificent, as a partner for life, and yet feel a certain triumph when a glance of her eye had made an evening's conquest of the pitiful B—, although by that achievement she incurs the imminent hazard of losing A— altogether. So, when Gustave Rameau quitted Isaura, his first feeling was that of triumph. His eloquence had subdued her will: she had not finally discarded him. But as he wandered abstractedly in the biting air his self-complacency was succeeded by mortification and discontent. He felt that he had committed himself to promises which he was by no means prepared to keep. True, the promises were vague in words; but in substance they were perfectly clear—"to spare, nay, to aid, all that Isaura esteemed and revered." How was this possible to him? How could he suddenly change the whole character of his writings?—how become the defender of marriage and property, of Church and religion?—how proclaim himself so utter an apostate? If he did, how become a leader of the fresh revolution? how escape being its victim? Cease to write altogether? But then how live? His pen was his sole subsistence, save 30 sous a-day as a National Guard—30 sous a-day to him who, in order to be Sybarite in tastes, was Spartan in doctrine. Nothing better just at that moment than Spartan doctrine—"Live on black broth, and fight the enemy." And the journalists in vogue so thrived upon that patriotic sentiment, that they were the last persons compelled to drink the black broth or to fight the enemy.

"Those women are such idiots when they meddle in politics," grumbled between his teeth the enthusiastic advocate of Woman's Rights on all matters of love. "And," he continued, soliloquizing, "it is not as if the girl had any large or decent *dot*; it is not as if she said, 'In return for the sacrifice of your popularity, your prospects, your opinion, I give you not only a devoted heart, but an excellent table and a capital fire and

plenty of pocket-money.' *Sacre bleu!* when I think of that frozen *salon*, and possibly the leg of a mouse for dinner, and a virtuous homily by way of grace, the prospect is not alluring; and the girl herself is not so pretty as she was—grown very thin. *Sur mon âme*, I think she asks too much—far more than she is worth. No, no; I had better have accepted her dismissal. *Elle n'est pas digne de moi.*"

Just as he arrived at that conclusion, Gustave Rameau felt the touch of a light, a soft, a warm, yet a firm hand, on his arm. He turned, and beheld the face of the woman whom, through so many dreary weeks, he had sought to shun—the face of Julie Caumartin. Julie was not, as Savarin had seen her, looking pinched and wan, with faded robes, nor, as when met in the *café* by Lemercier, in the faded robes of a theatre. Julie never looked more beautiful, more radiant, than she did now; and there was a wonderful heartfelt fondness in her voice when she cried, "*Mon homme! mon homme! seul homme au monde à mon cœur, Gustave, chéri adoré!* I have found thee—at last—at last!" Gustave gazed upon her, stupefied. Involuntarily his eye glanced from the freshness of bloom in her face, which the intense cold of the atmosphere only seemed to heighten into purer health, to her dress, which was new and handsome—black—he did not know that it was mourning—the cloak trimmed with costly sables. Certainly it was no mendicant for alms who thus reminded the shivering Adonis of the claims of a pristine Venus. He stammered out her name—"Julie!"—and then he stopped.

"*Oui, ta Julie! Petit ingrat!* how I have sought for thee! how I have hungered for the sight of thee! That monster Savarin! he would not give me any news of thee. That is ages ago. But at least Frederic Lemercier, whom I saw since, promised to remind thee that I lived still. He did not do so, or I should have seen thee—*n'est ce pas?*"

"Certainly, certainly—only—*chère amie*—you know that—that—as I before announced to thee, I—I—was engaged in marriage—and—and——"

"But are you married?"

"No, no. Hark! Take care—is not that the hiss of an *obus*?"

"What then? Let it come! Would it might slay us both while my hand is in thine!"

"Ah!" muttered Gustave, inwardly, "what a difference! This is love! No

preaching here! *Elle est plus digne de moi que l'autre.*"

"No," he said, aloud, "I am not married. Marriage is at best a pitiful ceremony. But if you wished for news of me, surely you must have heard of my effect as an orator not despised in the Salle Favre. Since, I have withdrawn from that arena. But as a journalist I flatter myself that I have had a *beau succès*."

"Doubtless, doubtless, my Gustave, my Poet! Whatever thou art, thou must be first among men. But alas! it is my fault — my misfortune. I have not been in the midst of a world that perhaps rings of thy name."

"Not my name. Prudence compelled me to conceal that. Still, Genius pierces under any name. You might have discovered me under my *nom de plume*."

"Pardon me — I was always *bête*. But, oh! for so many weeks I was so poor — so destitute. I could go nowhere, except — don't be ashamed of me — except —"

"Yes? Go on."

"Except where I could get some money. At first to dance — you remember my *bolero*. Then I got a better engagement. Do you not remember that you taught me to recite verses? Had it been for myself alone, I might have been content to starve. Without thee, what was life? But thou wilt recollect Madeleine, the old *bonne* who lived with me. Well, she had attended and cherished me since I was so high — lived with my mother. Mother! no; it seems that Madame Surville was not my mother after all. But, of course, I could not let my old Madeleine starve; and therefore, with a heart heavy as lead, I danced and declaimed. My heart was not so heavy when I recited thy songs."

"My songs! *Pauvre ange!*" exclaimed the Poet.

"And then, too, I thought, 'Ah! this dreadful siege! He, too, may be poor — he may know want and hunger;' and so all I could save from Madeleine I put into a box for thee, in case thou shouldst come back to me some day. *Mon homme*, how could I go to the Salle Favre? How could I read journals, Gustave? But thou art not married, Gustave? *Parole d'honneur?*"

"*Parole d'honneur!* What does that matter?"

"Everything! Ah! I am not so *méchante*, so *mauvaise tête*, as I was some months ago. If thou wert married, I

should say, 'Blessed and sacred be thy wife! Forget me.' As it is, one word more. Dost thou love the young lady, whoever she may be? or does she love thee so well that it would be sin in thee to talk trifles to Julie? Speak as honestly as if thou wert not a poet."

"Honestly, she never said she loved me. I never thought she did. But, you see, I was very ill, and my parents and friends and my physician said that it was right for me to arrange my life, and marry, and so forth. And the girl had money, and was a good match. In short, the thing was settled. But oh, Julie, she never learnt my songs by heart! She did not love as thou didst, and still dost. And — ah! well — now that we meet again — now that I look in thy face — now that I hear thy voice — No, I do not love her as I loved, and might yet love thee. But — but —"

"Well, but? oh, I guess. Thou seest me well dressed, no longer dancing and declaiming at *cafés*: and thou thinkest that Julie has disgraced herself? she is unfaithful?"

Gustave had not anticipated that frankness, nor was the idea which it expressed uppermost in his mind when he said "but, but —" There were many *buts*, all very confused, struggling through his mind as he spoke. However, he answered as a Parisian sceptic, not ill bred, naturally would answer —

"My dear friend, my dear child" (the Parisian is very fond of the word child or *enfant* in addressing a woman), "I have never seen thee so beautiful as thou art now; and when thou tellest me that thou art no longer poor, and the proof of what thou sayest is visible in the furs, which, alas! I cannot give thee, what am I to think?"

"Oh, *mon homme*, *mon homme!* thou art very *spirituel*, and that is why I loved thee. I am very *bête*, and that is excuse enough for thee if thou couldst not love me. But canst thou look me in the face and not know that my eyes could not meet thine as they do, if I had been faithless to thee even in a thought, when I so boldly touched thine arm? *Viens chez moi*, come and let me explain all. Only — only let me repeat, if another has rights over thee which forbid thee to come, say so kindly, and I will never trouble thee again."

Gustave had been hitherto walking slowly by the side of Julie, amidst the distant boom of the besiegers' cannon, while the short day began to close; and



along the dreary Boulevards sauntered idlers turning to look at the young, beautiful, well-dressed woman who seemed in such contrast to the capital whose former luxuries the "Ondine" of imperial Paris represented. He now offered his arm to Julie; and, quickening his pace, said, "There is no reason why I should refuse to attend thee home, and listen to the explanations thou dost generously condescend to volunteer."

## CHAPTER IX.

"AH, indeed! what a difference! what a difference!" said Gustave to himself when he entered Julie's apartment. In her palmier days, when he had first made her acquaintance, the apartment no doubt had been infinitely more splendid, more abundant in silks and fringes and flowers and nick-nacks; but never had it seemed so cheery and comfortable and home-like as now. What a contrast to Isaura's dismantled chilly *salon*! She drew him towards the hearth, on which, blazing though it was, she piled fresh billets, seated him in the easiest of easy-chairs, knelt beside him, and chafed his numbed hands in hers; and as her bright eyes fixed tenderly on his, she looked so young and so innocent! You would not then have called her the "Ondine of Paris."

But when, a little while after, revived by the genial warmth and moved by the charm of her beauty, Gustave passed his arm round her neck and sought to draw her on his lap, she slid from his embrace, shaking her head gently, and seated herself, with a pretty air of ceremonious decorum, at a little distance.

Gustave looked at her amazed.

"*Causons*," said she gravely: "thou wouldst know why I am so well dressed, so comfortably lodged, and I am longing to explain to thee all. Some days ago I had just finished my performance at the Café —, and was putting on my shawl, when a tall Monsieur, *fort bel homme*, with the air of a *grand seigneur*, entered the café, and, approaching me politely, said, 'I think I have the honour to address Mademoiselle Julie Caumartin?' 'That is my name,' I said, surprised; and, looking at him more intently, I recognized his face. He had come into the café a few days before with thine old acquaintance Frederic Lemerrier, and stood by when I asked Frederic to give me news of thee. 'Mademoiselle,' he continued, with a serious melancholy smile, 'I shall startle you when I say that I am appointed to act as

your guardian by the last request of your mother.' 'Of Madame Surville?' 'Madame Surville adopted you, but was not your mother. We cannot talk at ease here. Allow me to request that you will accompany me to Monsieur N—, the *avoué*. It is not very far from this: and by the way I will tell you some news that may sadden, and some news that may rejoice.'

"There was an earnestness in the voice and look of this Monsieur that impressed me. He did not offer me his arm; but I walked by his side in the direction he chose. As we walked he told me in very few words that my mother had been separated from her husband, and for certain family reasons had found it so difficult to rear and provide for me herself, that she had accepted the offer of Madame Surville to adopt me as her own child. While he spoke, there came dimly back to me the remembrance of a lady who had taken me from my first home, when I had been, as I understood, at nurse, and left me with poor dear Madame Surville, saying, 'This is henceforth your mamma.' I never again saw that lady. It seems that many years afterwards my true mother desired to regain me. Madame Surville was then dead. She failed to trace me out, owing, alas! to my own faults and change of name. She then entered a nunnery, but before doing so, assigned a sum of 100,000 francs to this gentleman, who was distantly connected with her, with full power to him to take it to himself, or give it to my use should he discover me, at his discretion. 'I ask you,' continued the Monsieur, 'to go with me to M. N—'s, because the sum is still in his hands. He will confirm my statement. All that I have now to say is this: If you accept my guardianship, if you obey implicitly my advice, I shall consider the interest of this sum which has accumulated since deposited with M. N— due to you; and the capital will be your *dot* on marriage, if the marriage be with my consent.'

Gustave had listened very attentively, and without interruption, till now; when he looked up, and said with his customary sneer, "Did your Monsieur, *fort bel homme* you say, inform you of the value of the advice, rather of the commands, you were implicitly to obey?"

"Yes," answered Julie, "not then, but later. Let me go on. We arrived at M. N—'s, an elderly grave man. He said that all he knew was that he held the

money in trust for the Monsieur with me, to be given to him, with the accumulations of interest, on the death of the lady who had deposited it. If that Monsieur had instructions how to dispose of the money, they were not known to him. All he had to do was to transfer it absolutely to him on the proper certificate of the lady's death. So you see, Gustave, that the Monsieur could have kept all from me if he had liked."

"Your Monsieur is very generous. Perhaps you will now tell me his name."

"No; he forbids me to do it yet."

"And he took this apartment for you, and gave you the money to buy that smart dress and these furs. Bah! *mon enfant*, why try to deceive me? Do I not know my Paris? A *fort bel homme* does not make himself guardian to a *fort belle fille* so young and fair as Mademoiselle Julie Caumartin without certain considerations which shall be nameless like himself."

Julie's eyes flashed. "Ah, Gustave! ah, Monsieur!" she said, half angrily, half plaintively, "I see that my guardian knew you better than I did. Never mind; I will not reproach. Thou hast the right to despise me."

"Pardon! I did not mean to offend thee," said Gustave, somewhat disconcerted. "But own that thy story is strange; and this guardian, who knows me better than thou—does he know me at all? Didst thou speak to him of me?"

"How could I help it? He says that this terrible war, in which he takes an active part, makes his life uncertain from day to day. He wished to complete the trust bequeathed to him by seeing me safe in the love of some worthy man who"—she paused for a moment with an expression of compressed anguish, and then hurried on—"who would recognize what was good in me,—would never reproach me for—for—the past. I then said that my heart was thine: I could never marry any one but thee."

"Marry me," faltered Gustave—"marry!"

"And," continued the girl, not heeding his interruption, "he said thou wert not the husband he would choose for me: that thou wert not—no, I cannot wound thee by repeating what he said unkindly, unjustly. He bade me think of thee no more. I said again, that is impossible."

"But," resumed Rameau, with an affected laugh, "why think of anything so formidable as marriage? Thou lovest me, and——" He approached again,

seeking to embrace her. She recoiled. "No, Gustave, no. I have sworn—sworn solemnly by the memory of my lost mother, that I will never sin again. I will never be to thee other than thy friend—or thy wife."

Before Gustave could reply to these words, which took him wholly by surprise, there was a ring at the outer door, and the old *bonne* ushered in Victor de Mauléon. He halted at the threshold, and his brow contracted.

"So you have already broken faith with me, Mademoiselle?"

"No, Monsieur, I have not broken faith," cried Julie, passionately. "I told you that I would not seek to find out Monsieur Rameau. I did not seek, but I met him unexpectedly. I owed to him an explanation. I invited him here to give that explanation. Without it, what would he have thought of me? Now he may go and I will never admit him again without your sanction."

The Vicomte turned his stern look upon Gustave, who, though, as we know, not wanting in personal courage, felt cowed by his false position; and his eye fell, quailed before De Mauléon's gaze.

"Leave us for a few minutes alone, Mademoiselle," said the Vicomte. "Nay, Julie," he added, in softened tones, "fear nothing. I, too, owe an explanation—friendly explanation—to M. Rameau."

With his habitual courtesy toward women, he extended his hand to Julie, and led her from the room. Then, closing the door he seated himself, and made a sign to Gustave to do the same.

"Monsieur," said De Mauléon, "excuse me if I detain you. A very few words will suffice for our present interview. I take it for granted that Mademoiselle has told you that she is no child of Madame Surville's: that her own mother bequeathed her to my protection and guardianship, with a modest fortune which is at my disposal to give or withhold. The little I have seen already of Mademoiselle impresses me with sincere interest in her fate. I look with compassion on what she may have been in the past; I anticipate with hope what she may be in the future. I do not ask you to see her in either with my eyes. I say frankly that it is my intention, and I may add my resolve, that the ward thus left to my charge shall be henceforth safe from the temptations that have seduced her poverty, her inexperience, her vanity if you will, but have not yet corrupted her heart. *Bref*, I must request you to give me your

word of honour that you will hold no further communication with her. I can allow no sinister influence to stand between her fate and honour."

"You speak well and nobly, M. le Vicomte," said Rameau, "and I give the promise you exact." He added, feelingly, "It is true, her heart has never been corrupted. That is good, affectionate, unselfish as a child's. *J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer*, M. le Vicomte."

He bowed with a dignity unusual to him, and tears were in his eyes as he passed by De Mauléon and gained the anteroom. There a side-door suddenly opened, and Julie's face, anxious, eager, looked forth.

Gustave paused: "Adieu, Mademoiselle! Though we may never meet again — though our fates divide us — believe me that I shall ever cherish your memory — and —"

The girl interrupted him, impulsively seizing his arm, and looking him in the face with a wild fixed stare.

"Hush! dost thou mean to say that we are parted, — parted forever?"

"Alas!" said Gustave, "what option is before us? Your guardian rightly forbids my visits; and even were I free to offer you my hand, you yourself say that I am not a suitor he would approve."

Julie turned her eyes towards De Mauléon, who, following Gustave into the anteroom, stood silent and impassive, leaning against the wall.

He now understood and replied to the pathetic appeal in the girl's eyes.

"My young ward," he said, "M. Rameau expresses himself with propriety and truth. Suffer him to depart. He belongs to the former life; reconcile yourself to the new."

He advanced to take her hand, making a sign to Gustave to depart. But as he approached Julie, she uttered a weak piteous wail, and fell at his feet senseless. De Mauléon raised and carried her into her room, where he left her to the care of the old *bonne*. On re-entering the anteroom, he found Gustave still lingering by the outer door.

"You will pardon me, Monsieur," he said to the Vicomte, "but in fact I feel so uneasy, so unhappy. Has she —? You see, you see that there is danger to her health, perhaps to her reason, in so abrupt a separation, so cruel a rupture between us. Let me call again, or I may not have strength to keep my promise."

De Mauléon remained a few minutes musing. Then he said in a whisper,

"Come back into the *salon*. Let us talk frankly."

#### CHAPTER X.

"M. RAMEAU," said De Mauléon, when the two men had resettled themselves in the *salon*, "I will honestly say that my desire is to rid myself as soon as I can of the trust of guardian to this young lady. Playing as I do with fortune, my only stake against her favours is my life. I feel as if it were my duty to see that Mademoiselle is not left alone and friendless in the world at my decease. I have in my mind for her a husband that I think in every way suitable: a handsome and brave young fellow in my battalion, of respectable birth, without any living relations to consult as to his choice. I have reason to believe that if Julie married him, she need never fear a reproach as to her antecedents. Her *dot* would suffice to enable him to realize his own wish of a country town in Normandy. And in that station, Paris and its temptations would soon pass from the poor child's thoughts, as an evil dream. But I cannot dispose of her hand without her own consent; and if she is to be reasoned out of her fancy for you, I have no time to devote to the task. I come to the point. You are not the man I would choose for her husband. But, evidently, you are the man she would choose. Are you disposed to marry her? You hesitate, very naturally; I have no right to demand an immediate answer to a question so serious. Perhaps you will think over it, and let me know in a day or two? I take it for granted that if you were, as I heard, engaged before the siege to marry the Signora Cicogna, that engagement is annulled?"

"Why take it for granted?" asked Gustave, perplexed.

"Simply because I find you here. Nay, spare explanations and excuses. I quite understand that you were invited to come. But a man solemnly betrothed to a *demoiselle* like the Signora Cicogna, in a time of such dire calamity and peril, could scarcely allow himself to be tempted to accept the invitation of one so beautiful, and so warmly attached to him, as is Mademoiselle Julie; and on witnessing the passionate strength of that attachment, say that he cannot keep a promise not to repeat his visits. But if I mistake, and you are still betrothed to the Signorina, of course all discussion is at an end."

Gustave hung his head in some shame, and in much bewildered doubt.

The practised observer of men's characters, and of shifting phases of mind, glanced at the poor poet's perturbed countenance with a half-smile and disdain.

"It is for you to judge how far the very love to you so ingenuously evinced by my ward — how far the reasons against marriage with one whose antecedents expose her to reproach — should influence one of your advanced opinions upon social ties. Such reasons do not appear to have with artists the same weight they have with the *bourgeoisie*. I have but to add that the husband of Julie will receive with her hand a *dot* of nearly 120,000 francs; and I have reason to believe that that fortune will be increased — how much, I cannot guess — when the cessation of the siege will allow communication with England. One word more. I should wish to rank the husband of my ward in the number of my friends. If he did not oppose the political opinions with which I identify my own career, I should be pleased to make any rise in the world achieved by me assist to the raising of himself. But my opinions, as during the time we were brought together you were made aware, are those of a practical man of the world, and have nothing in common with Communists, Socialists, Internationalists, or whatever sect would place the aged societies of Europe in Medea's caldron of youth. At a moment like the present, fanatics and dreamers so abound, that the number of such sinners will necessitate a general amnesty when order is restored. What a poet so young as you may have written or said at such a time will be readily forgotten and forgiven a year or two hence, provided he does not put his notions into violent action. But if you choose to persevere in the views you now advocate, so be it. They will not make poor Julie less a believer in your wisdom and genius. Only they will separate you from me, and a day may come when I should have the painful duty of ordering you to be shot — *Dii meliora*. Think over all I have thus frankly said. Give me your answer within forty-eight hours; and meanwhile hold no communication with my ward. I have the honour to wish you good-day."

#### CHAPTER XI.

THE short grim day was closing, when Gustave, quitting Julie's apartment, again found himself in the streets. His thoughts were troubled and confused.

He was the more affected by Julie's impassioned love for him, by the contrast with Isaura's words and manner in their recent interview. His own ancient fancy for the "Ondine of Paris" became revived by the difficulties between their ancient intercourse which her unexpected scruples and De Mauléon's guardianship interposed. A witty writer thus defines *une passion*, "*une caprice enflammé par des obstacles*." In the ordinary times of peace, Gustave, handsome, aspiring to reputable position in the *beau monde*, would not have admitted any consideration to compromise his station by marriage with a *figurante*. But now the wild political doctrines he had embraced separated his ambition from that *beau monde*, and combined it with ascendancy over the revolutionists of the populace — a direction which he must abandon if he continued his suit to Isaura. Then, too, the immediate possession of Julie's *dot* was not without temptation to a man who was so fond of his personal comforts, and who did not see where to turn for a dinner, if, obedient to Isaura's "prejudices," he abandoned his profits as a writer in the revolutionary press. The inducements for withdrawal from the cause he had espoused, held out to him with so haughty a coldness by De Mauléon, were not wholly without force, though they irritated his self-esteem. He was dimly aware of the Vicomte's masculine talents for public life; and the high reputation he had already acquired among military authorities, and even among experienced and thoughtful civilians, had weight upon Gustave's impressionable temperament. But though De Mauléon's implied advice here coincided in much with the tacit compact he had made with Isaura, it alienated him more from Isaura herself, for Isaura did not bring to him the fortune which would enable him to suspend his lucubrations, watch the turn of events, and live at ease in the meanwhile; and the *dot* to be received with De Mauléon's ward had those advantages.

While thus meditating, Gustave turned into one of the *cantines* still open, to brighten his intellect with a *petit verre*, and there he found the two colleagues in the extinct Council of Ten, Paul Grimm and Edgar Ferrier. With the last of these revolutionists Gustave had become intimately *lié*. They wrote in the same journal, and he willingly accepted a distraction from his self-conflict which Edgar offered him in a dinner at the *Café Riche*, which still offered its hospitalities

at no exorbitant price. At this repast, as the drink circulated, Gustave waxed confidential. He longed, poor youth, for an adviser. Could he marry a girl who had been a ballet-dancer, and who had come into an unexpected heritage? "*Est-tu fou d'en douter?*" cried Edgar. "What a sublime occasion to manifest thy scorn of the miserable *banalités* of the *bourgeoisie*! It will but increase thy moral power over the people. And then think of the money. What an aid to the cause! What a capital for the launch! — journal all thine own! Besides, when our principles triumph — as triumph they must — what would be marriage but a brief and futile ceremony, to be broken the moment thou hast cause to complain of thy wife or chafe at the bond? Only get the *dot* into thine own hands. *L'amour passe — reste la cassette.*"

Though there was enough of good in the son of Madame Rameau to revolt at the precise words in which the counsel was given, still, as the fumes of the punch yet more addled his brains, the counsel itself was acceptable; and in that sort of maddened fury which intoxication produces in some excitable temperaments, as Gustave reeled home that night leaning on the arm of stouter Edgar Ferrier, he insisted on going out of his way to pass the house in which Isaura lived, and pausing under her window, gasped out some verses of a wild song, then much in vogue among the votaries of Felix Pyat, in which everything that existent society deems sacred was reviled in the grossest ribaldry. Happily Isaura's ear heard it not. The girl was kneeling by her bedside absorbed in prayer.

#### CHAPTER XII.

THREE days after the evening thus spent by Gustave Rameau, Isaura was startled by a visit from M. de Mauléon. She had not seen him since the commencement of the siege, and she did not recognize him at first glance in his military uniform.

"I trust you will pardon my intrusion, Mademoiselle," he said, in the low sweet voice habitual to him in his gentler moods, "but I thought it became me to announce to you the decease of one who, I fear, did not discharge with much kindness the duties her connection with you imposed. Your father's second wife, afterwards Madame Selby, is no more. She died some days since in a convent to which she had retired."

Isaura had no cause to mourn the dead,

but she felt a shock in the suddenness of this information; and in that sweet spirit of womanly compassion which entered so largely into her character, and made a part of her genius itself, she murmured tearfully, "The poor Signora! Why could I not have been with her in illness? She might then have learned to love me. And she died in a convent, you say. Ah, her religion was then sincere! Her end was peaceful?"

"Let us not doubt that, Mademoiselle. Certainly she lived to regret any former errors, and her last thoughts were directed towards such atonement as might be in her power. And it is that desire of atonement which now strangely mixes me up, Mademoiselle, in your destinies. In that desire for atonement, she left to my charge, as a kinsman distant indeed, but still, perhaps, the nearest with whom she was personally acquainted — a young ward. In accepting that trust, I find myself strangely compelled to hazard the risk of offending you."

"Offending me? How? Pray speak openly."

"In so doing, I must utter the name of Gustave Rameau."

Isaura turned pale and recoiled, but she did not speak.

"Did he inform me rightly that, in the last interview with him three days ago, you expressed a strong desire that the engagement between him and yourself should cease; and that you only, and with reluctance, suspended your rejection of the suit he had pressed on you, in consequence of his entreaties, and of certain assurances as to the changed direction of the talents of which we will assume that he is possessed?"

"Well, well, Monsieur," exclaimed Isaura, her whole face brightening; "and you come on the part of Gustave Rameau to say that on reflection he does not hold me to our engagement — that in honour and in conscience I am free?"

"I see," answered De Mauléon, smiling, "that I am pardoned already. It would not pain you if such were my instructions in the embassy I undertake?"

"Pain me? No. But —"

"But what?"

"Must he persist in a course which will break his mother's heart, and make his father deplore the hour that he was born? Have you influence over him, M. de Mauléon? If so, will you not exert it for his good?"

"You interest yourself still in his fate, Mademoiselle?"



"How can I do otherwise? Did I not consent to share it when my heart shrank from the thought of our union? And now when, if I understand you rightly, I am free, I cannot but think of what was best in him."

"Alas! Mademoiselle, he is but one of many—a spoilt child of that Circe, imperial Paris. Everywhere I look around, I see but corruption. It was hidden by the halo which corruption itself engenders. The halo is gone, the corruption is visible. Where is the old French manhood? Banished from the heart, it comes out only at the tongue. Were our deeds like our words, Prussia would beg on her knee to be a province of France. Gustave is the fit poet for this generation. Vanity—desire to be known for something, no matter what, no matter by whom—that is the Parisian's leading motive power;—orator, soldier, poet, all alike. Utterers of fine phrases; despising knowledge, and toil, and discipline; railing against the Germans as barbarians, against their generals as traitors; against God for not taking their part. What can be done to weld this mass of hollow bubbles into the solid form of a nation—the nation it affects to be? What generation can be born out of the unmanly race, inebriate with brag and absinthe? Forgive me this tirade; I have been reviewing the battalion I command. As for Gustave Rameau,—if we survive the siege, and see once more a Government that can enforce order, and a public that will refuse renown for balderdash,—I should not be surprised if Gustave Rameau were among the prettiest imitators of Lamartine's early 'Meditations.' Had he been born under Louis XIV. how loyal he would have been! What sacred tragedies in the style of 'Athalie' he would have written, in the hope of an audience at Versailles! But I detain you from the letter I was charged to deliver to you. I have done so purposely, that I might convince myself that you welcome that release which your too delicate sense of honour shrank too long from demanding."

Here he took forth and placed a letter in Isaura's hand; and, as if to allow her to read it unobserved, retired to the window recess.

Isaura glanced over the letter. It ran thus:—

"I feel that it was only to your compassion that I owed your consent to my suit. Could I have doubted that before,

your words when we last met sufficed to convince me. In my selfish pain at the moment, I committed a great wrong. I would have held you bound to a promise from which you desired to be free. Grant me pardon for that, and for all the faults by which I have offended you. In cancelling our engagement, let me hope that I may rejoice in your friendship, your remembrance of me, some gentle and kindly thought. My life may henceforth pass out of contact with yours; but you will ever dwell in my heart, an image pure and holy as the saints in whom you may well believe—they are of your own kindred."

"May I convey to Gustave Rameau any verbal reply to his letter?" asked De Mauléon, turning as she replaced the letter on the table.

"Only my wishes for his welfare. It might wound him if I added, my gratitude for the generous manner in which he has interpreted my heart, and acceded to its desire."

"Mademoiselle, accept my congratulations. My condolences are for the poor girl left to my guardianship. Unhappily she loves this man; and there are reasons why I cannot withhold my consent to her union with him, should he demand it, now that, in the letter remitted to you, he has accepted your dismissal. If I can keep him out of all the follies and all the evils into which he suffers his vanity to mislead his reason, I will do so;—would I might say, only in compliance with your compassionate injunctions. But henceforth the infatuation of my ward compels me to take some interest in his career. Adieu, Mademoiselle! I have no fear for your happiness now."

Left alone, Isaura stood as one transfixed. All the bloom of her youth seemed suddenly restored. Round her red lips the dimples opened, countless mirrors of one happy smile. "I am free, I am free," she murmured—"joy, joy!" and she passed from the room to seek the Venosta, singing clear, singing loud, as a bird that escapes from the cage and warbles to the heaven it regains the blissful tale of its release.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

In proportion to the nearer roar of the besiegers' cannon, and the sharper gripe of famine within the walls, the Parisians seemed to increase their scorn for the skill of the enemy, and their faith in the sanctity of the capital. All false news was believed as truth; all truthful news

abhorred as falsehood. Listen to the groups around the *cafés*. "The Prussian funds have fallen three per cent. at Berlin," says a threadbare ghost of the Bourse (he had been a clerk of Louvier's). "Ay," cries a National Guard, "read extracts from 'La Liberté.' The barbarians are in despair. Nancy is threatened, Belford freed. Bourbaki is invading Baden. Our fleets are pointing their cannon upon Hamburg. Their country endangered, their retreat cut off, the sole hope of Bismarck and his trembling legions is to find a refuge in Paris. The increasing fury of the bombardment is a proof of their despair."

"In that case," whispered Savarin to De Brézé, "suppose we send a flag of truce to Versailles with a message from Trochu that, on disgorging their conquests, ceding the left bank of the Rhine, and paying the expenses of the war, Paris, ever magnanimous to the vanquished, will allow the Prussians to retire."

"The Prussians! Retire!" cried Edgar Ferrier, catching the last word and glancing fiercely at Savarin. "What Prussian spy have we among us? Not one of the barbarians shall escape. We have but to dismiss the traitors who have usurped the Government, proclaim the Commune and the rights of labour, and we give birth to a Hercules that even in its cradle can strangle the vipers."

Edgar Ferrier was the sole member of his political party among the group which he thus addressed; but such was the terror which the Communists already began to inspire among the *bourgeoisie* that no one volunteered a reply. Savarin linked his arm in De Brézé's and prudently drew him off.

"I suspect," said the former, "that we shall soon have worse calamities to endure than the Prussian *obus* and the black loaf. The Communists will have their day."

"I shall be in my grave before then," said De Brézé, in hollow accents. "It is twenty-four hours since I spent my last fifty sous on the purchase of a rat, and I burnt the legs of my bedstead for the fuel by which that quadruped was roasted."

"*Entre nous*, my poor friend, I am much in the same condition," said Savarin, with a ghastly attempt at his old pleasant laugh. "See how I am shrunk-en! My wife would be unfaithful to the Savarin of her dreams if she accepted a kiss from the slender gallant you behold in me. But I thought you were in the

National Guard, and therefore had not to vanish into air."

"I was a National Guard, but I could not stand the hardships; and being above the age, I obtained my exemption. As to pay, I was then too proud to claim my wage of 1 franc 25 centimes. I should not be too proud now. Ah, blessed be heaven! here comes Lemerrier; he owes me a dinner—he shall pay it. *Bon jour*, my dear Frederic! How handsome you look in your *kepi*. Your uniform is brilliantly fresh from the soil of powder. What a contrast to the tatterdemalions of the Line!"

"I fear," said Lemerrier, ruefully, "that my costume will not look so well a day or two hence. I have just had news that will no doubt seem very glorious—in the newspapers. But then newspapers are not subjected to cannon-balls."

"What do you mean?" answered De Brézé.

"I met, as I emerged from my apartment a few minutes ago, that fire-eater Victor de Mauléon, who always contrives to know what passes at headquarters. He told me that preparations are being made for a great sortie. Most probably the announcement will appear in a proclamation to-morrow, and our troops march forth to-morrow night. The National Guard (fools and asses who have been yelling out for decisive action), are to have their wish, and to be placed in the van of battle,—amongst the foremost, the battalion in which I am enrolled. Should this be our last meeting on earth, say that Frederic Lemerrier has finished his part in life with *éclat*."

"Gallant friend," said De Brézé, feebly seizing him by the arm, "if it be true that thy mortal career is menaced, die as thou hast lived. An honest man leaves no debt unpaid. Thou owest me a dinner."

"Alas! ask of me what is possible. I will give thee three, however, if I survive and regain my *rentes*. But to-day I have not even a mouse to share with Fox."

"Fox lives then?" cried De Brézé, with sparkling hungry eyes.

"Yes. At present he is making the experiment how long an animal can live without food."

"Have mercy upon him, poor beast! Terminate his pangs by a noble death. Let him save thy friends and thyself from starving. For myself alone I do not plead; I am but an amateur in polite literature. But Savarin, the illustrious Savarin—in criticism the French Longinus

—in poetry the Parisian Horace — in social life the genius of gaiety in pantaloons, — contemplate his attenuated frame! Shall he perish for want of food while thou hast such superfluity in thy larder? I appeal to thy heart, thy conscience, thy patriotism. What in the eyes of France are a thousand Foxes compared to a single Savarin?"

"At this moment," sighed Savarin, "I could swallow anything, however nauseous, even thy flattery, De Brézé. But my friend Frederic, thou goest into battle — what will become of Fox if thou fall? Will he not be devoured by strangers? Surely it were a sweeter thought to his faithful heart to furnish a repast to thy friends? — his virtues acknowledged, his memory blest!"

"Thou dost look very lean, my poor Savarin! And how hospitable thou wert when yet plump!" said Frederic, pathetically. "And certainly, if I live, Fox will starve; if I am slain, Fox will be eaten. Yet, poor Fox, dear Fox, who lay on my breast when I was frostbitten! No; I have not the heart to order him to the spit for you. Urge it not."

"I will save thee that pang," cried De Brézé. "We are close by thy rooms. Excuse me for a moment: I will run in and instruct thy *bonne*."

So saying he sprang forward with an elasticity of step which no one could have anticipated from his previous languor. Frederic would have followed, but Savarin, clung to him, whimpering — "Stay; I shall fall like an empty sack, without the support of thine arm, young hero. Pooh! of course De Brézé is only joking — a pleasant joke. Hist! — a secret: he has moneys, and means to give us once more a dinner at his own cost, pretending that we dine on thy dog. He was planning this when thou camest up. Let him have his joke, and we shall have a *festin de Balthazar*."

"Hein!" said Frederic, doubtfully; "thou art sure he has no designs upon Fox?"

"Certainly not, except in regaling us. Donkey is not bad, but it is 14 francs a lb. A pullet is excellent, but it is 30 francs. Trust to De Brézé; we shall have donkey and pullet, and Fox shall feast upon the remains."

Before Frederic could reply, the two men were jostled and swept on by a sudden rush of a noisy crowd in their rear. They could but distinguish the words — Glorious news — victory — Faidherbe — Chanzy. But these words were suffi-

cient to induce them to join willingly in the rush. They forgot their hunger; they forgot Fox. As they were hurried on, they learned that there was a report of a complete defeat of the Prussians by Faidherbe near Amiens, — of a still more decided one on the Loire by Chanzy. These generals, with armies flushed with triumph, were pressing on towards Paris to accelerate the destruction of the hated Germans. How the report arose no one exactly knew. All believed it, and were making their way to the Hotel de Ville to hear it formally confirmed.

Alas! before they got there they were met by another crowd returning, dejected but angry. No such news had reached the Government. Chanzy and Faidherbe were no doubt fighting bravely, with every probability of success, but —

The Parisian imagination required no more. "We should always be defeating the enemy," said Savarin, "if there were not always a *but*;" and his audience, who, had he so expressed himself ten minutes before, would have torn him to pieces, now applauded the epigram; and with execrations on Trochu, mingled with many a peal of painful sarcastic laughter, vociferated and dispersed.

As the two friends sauntered back toward the part of the Boulevards on which De Brézé had parted company with them, Savarin quitted Lemercier suddenly and crossed the street to accost a small party of two ladies and two men who were on their way to the Madeleine. While he was exchanging a few words with them a young couple, arm in arm, passed by Lemercier, — the man in the uniform of the National Guard — uniform as unsullied as Frederic's, but with as little of a military air as can well be conceived. His gait was slouching; his head bent downwards. He did not seem to listen to his companion, who was talking with quickness and vivacity, her fair face radiant with smiles. Lemercier looked after them as they passed by. "*Sur mon âme*," muttered Frederic to himself, "surely that is *la belle* Julie, and she has got back her truant poet at last!"

While Lemercier thus soliloquized, Gustave, still looking down, was led across the street by his fair companion, and into the midst of the little group with whom Savarin had paused to speak. Accidentally brushing against Savarin himself, he raised his eyes with a start, about to utter some conventional apology, when Julie felt the arm on which she leant tremble nervously. Before him

stood Isaura, the Countess de Vandemar by her side; her two other companions, Raoul and the Abbé Vertpré a step or two behind.

Gustave uncovered, bowed low, and stood mute and still for a moment, paralyzed by surprise and the chill of a painful shame.

Julie's watchful eyes, following his, fixed themselves on the same face. On the instant she divined the truth. She beheld her to whom she had owed months of jealous agony, and over whom, poor child, she thought she had achieved a triumph. But the girl's heart was so instinctively good that the sense of triumph was merged in a sense of compassion. Her rival had lost Gustave. To Julie the loss of Gustave was the loss of all that makes life worth having. On her part, Isaura was moved not only by the beauty of Julie's countenance, but still more by the childlike ingenuousness of its expression.

So, for the first time in their lives, met the child and the step-child of Louise Duval. Each so deserted, each so left alone and inexperienced amid the perils of the world, with fates so different, typifying orders of Womanhood so opposed. Isaura was naturally the first to break the silence that weighed like a sensible load on all present.

She advanced toward Rameau, with sincere kindness in her look and tone.

"Accept my congratulations," she said, with a grave smile. "Your mother informed me last evening of your nuptials. Without doubt I see Madame Gustave Rameau;"—and she extended her hand towards Julie. The poor Ondine shrank back for a moment, blushing up to her temples. It was the first hand which a woman of spotless character had extended to her since she had lost the protection of Madame Surville. She touched it timidly, humbly, then drew her bridegroom on; and with head more downcast than Gustave, passed through the group without a word.

She did not speak to Gustave till they were out of sight and hearing of those they had left. Then pressing his arm passionately, she said, "And that is the *demoiselle* thou hast resigned for me! Do not deny it. I am so glad to have seen her; it has done me so much good. How it has deepened, purified my love for thee! I have but one return to make; but that is my whole life. Thou shalt never have cause to blame me—never—never!"

Savarin looked very grave and thoughtful when he rejoined Lemercier.

"Can I believe my eyes?" said Fred-eric. "Surely that was Julie Caumartin leaning on Gustave Rameau's arm! And had he the assurance, so accompanied, to salute Madame de Vandemar, and Mademoiselle Cicogna, to whom I understood he was affianced? Nay, did I not see Mademoiselle shake hands with the Ondine? or am I under one of the illusions which famine is said to engender in the brain?"

"I have not strength now to answer all these interrogatives. I have a story to tell; but I keep it for dinner. Let us hasten to thy apartment. De Brézé is doubtless there waiting us."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

UNPRESIDENT of the perils that awaited him, absorbed in the sense of existing discomfort, cold, and hunger, Fox lifted his mournful visage from his master's dressing-gown, in which he had encoiled his shivering frame, on the entrance of De Brézé and the *concierge* of the house in which Lemercier had his apartment. Recognizing the Vicomte as one of his master's acquaintances, he checked the first impulse that prompted him to essay a feeble bark, and permitted himself, with a petulant whine, to be extracted from his covering, and held in the arms of the murderous visitor.

"*Dieu des dieux!*" ejaculated De Brézé, "how light the poor beast has become!" Here he pinched the sides and thighs of the victim. "Still," he said, "there is some flesh yet on these bones. You may grill the paws, *fricasser* the shoulders, and roast the rest. The *rognons* and the head accept for yourself as a perquisite." Here he transferred Fox to the arms of the *concierge*, adding, "*Vite au besogne, mon ami.*"

"Yes, Monsieur. I must be quick about it while my wife is absent. She has a *faiblesse* for the brute. He must be on the spit before she returns."

"Be it so; and on the table in an hour. Five o'clock—precisely—I am famished."

The *concierge* disappeared with Fox. De Brézé then amused himself by searching into Frederic's cupboards and *buffets*, from which he produced a cloth and utensils necessary for the repast. These he arranged with great neatness, and awaited in patience the moment of participation in the feast.

The hour of five had struck before Sa-

varin and Frederic entered the *salon*; and at their sight De Brézé dashed to the staircase and called out to the *concierge* to serve the dinner.

Frederic, though unconscious of the Thyestean nature of the banquet, still looked round for the dog; and, not perceiving him, began to call out, "Fox! Fox! where hast thou hidden thyself?"

"Tranquillize yourself," said De Brézé. "Do not suppose that I have not . . .

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR'S SON.\*

The hand that wrote thus far has left unwritten the last scene of the tragedy of poor Fox. In the deep where Prospero has dropped his wand are now irrevocably buried the humour and the pathos of this cynophagous banquet. One detail of it, however, which the author imparted to his son, may here be faintly indicated. Let the sympathising reader recognise all that is dramatic in the conflict between hunger and affection; let him recall to mind the lachrymose loving-kindness of his own post-prandial emotions after blissfully breaking some fast, less mercilessly prolonged, we will hope, than that of these besieged banquetters; and then, though unaided by the fancy which conceived so quaint a situation, he may perhaps imagine what tearful tenderness would fill the eyes of the kind-hearted Frederic, as they contemplate the well-picked bones of his sacrificed favourite on the platter before him; which he pushes away, sighing, "Ah, poor Fox! how he would have enjoyed those bones!"

The chapter immediately following this one also remains unfinished. It was not intended to close the narrative thus left uncompleted; but of those many and so various works which have not unworthily associated with almost every department of literature the name of a single English writer, it is CHAPTER THE LAST. Had the author lived to finish it, he would doubtless have added to his Iliad of the Siege of Paris its most epic episode, by here describing the mighty combat between those two princes of the Parisian Bourse, the magnanimous Duplessis and the redoubtable Louvier. Amongst the few other pages of the book which have been left unwritten, we must also reckon with regret some page descriptive of the reconciliation between Graham Vane and Isaura Cicogna; but, fortunately for the satisfaction of every reader who may have followed thus far the fortunes of "The Parisians," all that our curiosity is chiefly interested to learn has been recorded in the *Envoi*, which was written before the completion of the novel.

We know not, indeed, what has become of these two Parisian types of a Beauty not of Holiness, the poor vain Poet of the *Paré*, and the good-hearted Ondine of the Gutter. It is obvious, from the absence of all allusion to

them in Lemerrier's letter to Vane, that they had passed out of the narrative before that letter was written. We must suppose the catastrophe of their fates to have been described, in some preceding chapter by the author himself; who would assuredly not have left M. Gustave Rameau in permanent possession of his ill-merited and ill-ministered fortune. That French representative of the appropriately popular poetry of modern ideas, which prefers "the roses and raptures of vice" to "the lilies and languors of virtue," cannot have been irredeemably reconciled by the sweet savours of the domestic *pot-au-feu*, even when spiced with pungent whiffs of repudiated disreputability, to any selfish betrayal of the cause of universal social emancipation from the personal proprieties. If poor Julie Caumartin has perished in the siege of Paris, with all the grace of her self-wrought redemption still upon her, we shall doubtless deem her fate a happier one than any she could have found in prolonged existence as Madame Rameau; and a certain modicum of this world's good things will, in that case, have been rescued for worthier employment by Graham Vane. To that assurance nothing but Lemerrier's description of the fate of Victor de Mauléon (which will be found in the *Envoi*) need be added for the satisfaction of our sense of poetic justice: and, if on the mimic stage, from which they now disappear, all these puppets have rightly played their parts in the drama of an empire's fall, each will have helped "to point a moral" as well as to "adorn a tale." *Valete et plaudite!* L.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

AMONG the refugees which the *convvoi* from Versailles disgorged on the Paris station were two men, who, in pushing through the crowd, came suddenly face to face with each other.

"Aha! *Bon jour*, M. Duplessis," said a burly voice.

"*Bon jour*, M. Louvier," replied Duplessis.

"How long have you left Bretagne?"

"On the day that the news of the armistice reached it, in order to be able to enter Paris the first day its gates were open. And you—where have you been?"

"In London."

"Ah! in London!" said Duplessis, paling. "I knew I had an enemy there."

"Enemy! I? Bah! my dear Monsieur. What makes you think me your enemy?"

"I remember your threats."

"*A propos* of Rochebriant. By the way, when would it be convenient to you and the dear Marquis to let me into prompt possession of that property? You can no longer pretend to buy it as a *dot* for Mademoiselle Valérie."

\* See also Prefatory Note, p. 355.



"I know not that yet. It is true that all the financial operations attempted by my agent in London have failed. But I may recover myself yet, now that I re-enter Paris. In the mean time, we have still six months before us; for, as you will find—if you know it not already—the interest due to you has been lodged with Messrs. — of —, and you cannot foreclose, even if the law did not take into consideration the national calamities as between debtor and creditor."

"Quite true. But if you cannot buy the property it must pass into my hands in a very short time. And you and the Marquis had better come to an amicable arrangement with me. *A propos*, I read in the 'Times' newspaper that Alain was among the wounded in the sortie of December."

"Yes; we learnt that through a pigeon-post. We were afraid . . .

#### L'ENVOI.

THE intelligent reader will perceive that the story I relate is virtually closed with the preceding chapter; though I rejoice to think that what may be called its plot does not find its *dénouement* amidst the crimes and the frenzy of the *Guerre des Communeaux*. Fit subjects these, indeed, for the social annalist in times to come. When crimes that outrage humanity have their motive or their excuse in principles that demand the demolition of all upon which the civilization of Europe has its basis—worship, property, and marriage—in order to reconstruct a new civilization adapted to a new humanity, it is scarcely possible for the serenest contemporary to keep his mind in that state of abstract reasoning with which Philosophy deduces from some past evil some existent good. For my part, I believe that throughout the whole known history of mankind, even in epochs when reason is most misled and conscience most perverted, there runs visible, though fine and threadlike, the chain of destiny, which has its roots in the throne of an All-wise and an All-good; that in the wildest illusions by which multitudes are frenzied, there may be detected gleams of prophetic truths; that in the fiercest crimes which, like the disease of an epidemic, characterize a peculiar epoch under abnormal circumstances, there might be found instincts or aspirations towards some social virtues to be realized ages afterwards by happier generations, all tending to save man from despair of the future. were the

whole society to unite for the joyless hour of his race in the abjuration of soul and the denial of God, because all irresistibly establishing that yearning towards an unseen future which is the leading attribute of soul, evincing the government of a divine Thought which evolves out of the discords of one age the harmonies of another, and, in the world within us as in the world without, enforces upon every unclouded reason the distinction between Providence and Chance.

The account subjoined may suffice to say all that rests to be said of those individuals in whose fate, apart from the events or personages that belong to graver history, the reader of this work may have conceived an interest. It is translated from the letter of Frederic Lemercier to Graham Vane, dated June —, a month after the defeat of the Communists.

"Dear and distinguished Englishman, whose name I honour but fail to pronounce, accept my cordial thanks for your interests in such remains of Frederic Lemercier as yet survive the ravages of famine, Equality, Brotherhood, Petroleum, and the Rights of Labour. I did not desert my Paris when M. Thiers, '*parvula non bene relictâ*,' led his sagacious friends and his valiant troops to the groves of Versailles, and confided to us unarmed citizens the preservation of order and property from the insurgents whom he left in possession of our forts and cannon. I felt spellbound by the interest of the *sinistre melodrame*, with its quick succession of scenic effects and the metropolis of the world for its stage. Taught by experience, I did not aspire to be an actor; and even as a spectator, I took care neither to hiss nor applaud. Imitating your happy England, I observed a strict neutrality; and, safe myself from danger, left my best friends to the care of the gods.

"As to political questions, I dare not commit myself to a conjecture. At this *rouge et noir* table, all I can say is, that whichever card turns up, it is either a red or a black one. One gamester gains for the moment by the loss of the other; the table eventually ruins both.

"No one believes that the present form of government can last; every one differs as to that which can. Raoul de Vandemar is immovably convinced of the restoration of the Bourbons. Savarin is meditating a new journal devoted to the cause of the Count of Paris. De Brézé and the old Count de Passy, having in

turn espoused and opposed every previous form of government, naturally go in for a perfectly novel experiment, and are for constitutional dictatorship under the Duc d'Aumale, which he is to hold at his own pleasure, and ultimately resign to his nephew, the Count, under the mild title of a constitutional king; that is, if it ever suits the pleasure of a dictator to depose himself. To me this seems the wildest of notions. If the Duc's administration were successful, the French would insist on keeping it; and if the uncle were unsuccessful, the nephew would not have a chance. Duplessis retains his faith in the Imperial dynasty, and that Imperialist party is much stronger than it appears on the surface. So many of the *bourgeoisie* recall with a sigh eighteen years of prosperous trade; so many of the military officers, so many of the civil officials, identify their career with the Napoleonic favour; and so many of the Priesthood, abhorring the Republic, always liable to pass into the hands of those who assail religion,—unwilling to admit the claim of the Orleanists, are at heart for the Empire.

"But I will tell you one secret. I and all the quiet folks like me (we are more numerous than any one violent faction) are willing to accept any form of government by which we have the best chance of keeping our coats on our backs. *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, are gone quite out of fashion; and Mademoiselle — has abandoned her great chant of the Marseillaise, and is drawing tears from enlightened audiences by her pathetic delivery of '*O Richard! O mon roi!*'

"Now about the other friends of whom you ask for news.

"Wonders will never cease. Louvier and Duplessis are no longer deadly rivals. They have become sworn friends, and are meditating a great speculation in common, to commence as soon as the Prussian debt is paid off. Victor de Mauléon brought about this reconciliation in a single interview during the brief interregnum between the Peace and the *Guerre des Communeaux*. You know how sternly Louvier was bent upon seizing Alain de Rochebriant's estates. Can you conceive the true cause? Can you imagine it possible that a hardened money-maker like Louvier should ever allow himself to be actuated, one way or the other, by the romance of a sentimental wrong? Yet so it was. It seems that many years ago he was desperately

in love with a girl who disappeared from his life, and whom he believed to have been seduced by the late Marquis de Rochebriant. It was in revenge for this supposed crime that he had made himself the principal mortgagee of the late Marquis; and, visiting the sins of the father on the son, had, under the infernal disguise of friendly interest, made himself sole mortgagee to Alain, upon terms apparently the most generous. The demon soon showed his *griffe*, and was about to foreclose, when Duplessis came to Alain's relief; and Rochebriant was to be Valérie's *dot* on her marriage with Alain. The Prussian war, of course, suspended all such plans, pecuniary and matrimonial. Duplessis, whose resources were terribly crippled by the war, attempted operations in London with a view of raising the sum necessary to pay off the mortgage; but found himself strangely frustrated and baffled. Louvier was in London, and defeated his rival's agent in every speculation. It became impossible for Duplessis to redeem the mortgage. The two men came to Paris with the peace. Louvier determined both to seize the Breton lands and to complete the ruin of Duplessis; when he learned from De Mauléon that he had spent half his life in a baseless illusion;—that Alain's father was innocent of the crime for which his son was to suffer; and Victor, with that strange power over men's minds which was so peculiar to him, talked Louvier into mercy if not into repentance. In short the mortgage is to be paid off by instalments at the convenience of Duplessis. Alain's marriage with Valérie is to take place in a few weeks. The *fournisseurs* are already gone to fit up the old chateau for the bride, and Louvier is invited to the wedding.

"I have all this story from Alain, and from Duplessis himself. I tell you the tale as 'twas told to me, with all the gloss of sentiment upon its woof. But between ourselves, I am too Parisian not to be sceptical as to the unalloyed amiability of sudden conversions. And I suspect that Louvier was no longer in a condition to indulge in the unprofitable whim of turning rural seigneur. He had sunk large sums and incurred great liabilities in the new street to be called after his name; and that street has been twice ravaged, first by the Prussian siege and next by the *Guerre des Communeaux*; and I can detect many reasons why Louvier should deem it prudent not only to withdraw from the Rochebriant seizure, and make

sure of peacefully recovering the capital lent on it, but establishing joint interest and *quasi* partnership with a financier so brilliant and successful as Armand Duplessis has hitherto been.

"Alain himself is not quite recovered from his wound, and is now at Rochebriant, nursed by his aunt and Valérie. I have promised to visit him next week. Raoui de Vandemar is still at Paris with his mother, saying there is no place where one Christian man can be of such service. The old Count declines to come back, saying there is no place where a philosopher can be in such danger.

"I reserve as my last communication, in reply to your questions, that which is the gravest. You say that you saw in the public journals brief notice of the assassination of Victor de Mauléon; and you ask for such authentic particulars as I can give of that event, and of the motives of the assassin.

"I need not, of course, tell you how bravely the poor Vicomte behaved throughout the siege; but he made many enemies among the worst members of the National Guard by the severity of his discipline; and had he been caught by the mob the same day as Clement Thomas, who committed the same offence, would certainly have shared the fate of that general. Though elected a *député*, he remained at Paris a few days after Thiers & Co. left it, in the hope of persuading the party of Order, including then no small portion of the National Guards, to take prompt and vigorous measures to defend the city against the Communists. Indignant at their pusillanimity, he then escaped to Versailles. There he more than confirmed the high reputation he had acquired during the siege, and impressed the ablest public men with the belief that he was destined to take a very leading part in the strife of party. When the Versailles troops entered Paris, he was, of course, among them in command of a battalion.

"He escaped safe through that horrible war of barricades, though no man more courted danger. He inspired his men with his own courage. It was not till the revolt was quenched on the evening of the 28th May that he met his death. The Versailles soldiers, naturally exasperated, were very prompt in seizing and shooting at once every passenger who looked like a foe. Some men under De Mauléon had seized upon one of these victims, and were hurrying him into the next street for execution, when, catching

sight of the Vicomte, he screamed out, 'Lebeau, save me!'

"At that cry De Mauléon rushed forward, arrested his soldiers, cried, 'This man is innocent—a harmless physician. I answer for him.' As he thus spoke, a wounded Communist, lying in the gutter amidst a heap of the slain, dragged himself up, reeled toward De Mauléon, plunged a knife between his shoulders, and dropped down dead.

"The Vicomte was carried into a neighbouring house, from all the windows of which the tricolor was suspended; and the *Médecin* whom he had just saved from summary execution examined and dressed his wound. The Vicomte lingered for more than an hour, but expired in the effort to utter some words, the sense of which those about him endeavored in vain to seize.

"It was from the *Médecin* that the name of the assassin and the motive for the crime were ascertained. The miscreant was a Red Republican and Socialist named Armand Monnier. He had been a very skilful workman, and earning, as such, high wages. But he thought fit to become an active revolutionary politician, first led into schemes for upsetting the world by the existing laws of marriage, which had inflicted on him one woman who ran away from him, but being still legally his wife forbade him to marry another woman with whom he lived, and to whom he seems to have been passionately attached.

"These schemes, however, he did not put into any positive practice till he fell in with a certain Jean Lebeau, who exercised great influence over him, and by whom he was admitted into one of the secret revolutionary societies which had for their object the overthrow of the Empire. After that time his head became turned. The fall of the Empire put an end to the society he had joined: Lebeau dissolved it. During the siege Monnier was a sort of leader among the *ouvriers*; but as it advanced and famine commenced, he contracted the habit of intoxication. His children died of cold and hunger. The woman he lived with followed them to the grave. Then he seems to have become a ferocious madman, and to have been implicated in the worst crimes of the Communists. He cherished a wild desire of revenge against this Jean Lebeau, to whom he attributed all his calamities, and by whom, he said, his brother had been shot in the sortie of December.

"Here comes the strange part of the story. This Jean Lebeau is alleged to have been one and the same person with Victor de Mauléon. The *Médecin* I have named, and who is well-known in Belleville and Montmartre as the *Médecin des Pauvres*, confesses that he belonged to the secret society organized by Lebeau; that the disguise the Vicomte assumed was so complete that he should not have recognized his identity with the conspirator but for an accident. During the later time of the bombardment, he, the *Médecin des Pauvres*, was on the eastern ramparts, and his attention was suddenly called to a man mortally wounded by the splinter of a shell. While examining the nature of the wound, De Mauléon, who was also on the ramparts, came to the spot. The dying man said: 'M. le Vicomte, you owe me a service. My name is Marc le Roux. I was on the police before the war. When M. de Mauléon reassumed his station, and was making himself obnoxious to the Emperor, I might have denounced him as Jean Lebeau, the conspirator. I did not. The siege has reduced me to want. I have a child at home—a pet. Don't let her starve.' 'I will see to her,' said the Vicomte. Before we could get the man into the ambulance-cart he expired.

"The *Médecin* who told this story I had the curiosity to see myself, and cross-question. I own I believe his statement. Whether De Mauléon did or did not conspire against a fallen dynasty, to which he owed no allegiance, can little if at all injure the reputation he has left behind of a very remarkable man—of great courage and great ability—who might have had a splendid career if he had survived. But, as Savarin says truly, the first bodies which the car of revolution crushes down are those which first harness themselves to it.

"Among De Mauléon's papers is the programme of a constitution fitted for France. How it got into Savarin's hands I know not. De Mauléon left no will, and no relations came forward to claim his papers. I asked Savarin to give me the heads of the plan, which he did. They are as follows:—

"The American republic is the sole one worth studying, for it has lasted. The causes of its duration are in the checks to democratic fickleness and disorder. 1st, No law affecting the Constitution can be altered without the consent of two-thirds of Congress. 2d, To counteract the impulses natural to a popular

Assembly chosen by universal suffrage, the greater legislative powers, especially in foreign affairs, are vested in the Senate, which has even executive as well as legislative functions. 3rd, The chief of the State, having elected his government, can maintain it independent of hostile majorities in either Assembly.

"These three principles of safety to form the basis of any new constitution for France.

"For France it is essential that the chief magistrate, under whatever title he assume, should be as irresponsible as an English sovereign. Therefore he should not preside at his councils; he should not lead his armies. The day for personal government is gone, even in Prussia. The safety for order in a State is, that when things go wrong, the Ministry changes, the State remains the same. In Europe, republican institutions are safer where the chief magistrate is hereditary than where elective.

"Savarin says these axioms are carried out at length, and argued with great ability.

"I am very grateful for your proffered hospitalities in England. Some day I shall accept them—viz., whenever I decide on domestic life, and the calm of the conjugal *foyer*. I have a *penchant* for an English *Mees*, and am not exacting as to the *dot*. Thirty thousand livres sterling would satisfy me—a trifle, I believe, to you rich islanders.

"Meanwhile, I am naturally compelled to make up for the miseries of that horrible siege. Certain moralizing journals tell us that, sobered by misfortunes, the Parisians are going to turn over a new leaf, become studious and reflective, despise pleasure and luxury, and live like German professors. Don't believe a word of it. My conviction is that, whatever may be said as to our frivolity, extravagance, &c., under the Empire, we shall be just the same under any form of government—the bravest, the most timid, the most ferocious, the kindest-hearted, the most irrational, the most intelligent, the most contradictory, the most consistent people whom Jove, taking counsel of Venus and the Graces, Mars, and the Furies, ever created for the delight and terror of the world;—in a word, the Parisians, — *Votre tout dévoué,*  
"FREDERIC LEMERCIER."

It is a lovely noon on the bay of Sorrento, towards the close of the autumn of

1871 : upon the part of the craggy shore, to the left of the town, on which her first perusal of the loveliest poem in which the romance of Christian heroism has ever combined elevation of thought with silvery delicacies of speech, had charmed her childhood, reclined the young bride of Graham Vane. They were in the first month of their marriage. Isaura had not yet recovered from the effects of all that had preyed upon her life, from the hour in which she had deemed that in her pursuit of fame she had lost the love that had coloured her genius and inspired her dreams, to that in which . . .

The physicians consulted agreed in insisting on her passing the winter in a southern climate ; and after their wedding, which took place in Florence, they thus came to Sorrento.

As Isaura is seated on the small smoothed rocklet, Graham reclines at her feet, his face upturned to hers with an inexpressible wistful anxiety in his impassioned tenderness. "You are sure you feel better and stronger since we have been here !"

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From The Popular Science Review.  
HOUSE MARTINS AS BUILDERS.

BY HENRY J. SLACK, F.G.S., SEC. R.M.S.

THE popular notion that all nest-making birds work by instinct, neither controlled nor modified by reason, has not been accepted by many distinguished observers, and has been demolished by Mr. Alfred Wallace, who supplies abundant reasons for his opinion "that the mental faculties exhibited by birds in the construction of their nests are the same in kind as those manifested by mankind in the construction of their dwellings." \* If it is said that birds are accustomed to do the same things in the same way, over and over again for years and generations, it should be remembered that this is also true of many races of men, and, to some extent, of all men. Such propositions are only true in a broad and general sense, and it is probable that a great many exceptions would be found amongst building birds if they were carefully looked for. After any building creature has formed a habit of constructing its abode in a particular way, it will most likely continue it until some change of

circumstances renders it impracticable or inconvenient, and then whatever powers of reason and observation it possesses will be exerted to get over the difficulty by some alteration in the material or the plan.

Some time ago, M. Pouchet, of Rouen, noticed that the swallows of the present day, inhabiting that picturesque city, had a better pattern for their nests than those of older date which had been preserved in the museum. The new construction is more roomy than the old. Here, then, is a proof of divergence from any supposed "instinctive" pattern, and it is not likely to be a solitary exception.

During the last three or four years the writer has noticed numerous divergencies and varieties in the nests made by house martins round his own dwelling. Instead of saying they all build alike, it would be much nearer the truth to say that each pair have their own notions on the matter, and vary them within certain limits from time to time. At the present moment, on the north side, near the point of a gable, is a nest built against one slope of woodwork, and the rough, cast-wall below it. This nest has an oblique, rough-edged entrance, following the line of the eaves. Another nest was built touching it with an opening in another direction, but, being much exposed to wind and weather, it tumbled down. In another gable nests are built every year, and fall sooner or later from wind and rain. The new nests in this situation have not been exact repetitions of the old ones, but somewhat broader at the base, and with an entrance differently arranged. The birds do not choose to leave this place, but they have not yet succeeded in making a nest to last long, though they may be said to be improving.

On the east side of the house, under the projecting roof, there are now two nests attached to each other, side by side. The first built had a roundish hole for an entrance on the right-hand side, just under the woodwork. The second nest has its entrance on the left side of its curve, not close to the woodwork like the former, but provided with a slightly thickened and projecting rim. Another nest may be roughly likened to a big convex oyster shell, stuck up under a horizontal part of the projecting roof, and open all along the top, with a rough edge. This has been a very common form of nest for three or four years in several situations.

At the point of a southern gable a nest

\* "Intellectual Observer," vol. xi. p. 420.



was made this year attached to the right-hand slope of the woodwork as well as to the wall, showing a large sloping opening on that side.

Two nests are fixed side by side, and attached under the projecting window of an upper room, and in the top corner of the window of the room below. When the first nest was built, cats used to sit on the window-sill and look longingly at its inhabitants. This did not trouble the birds — they had apparently satisfied themselves that it would be too awkward a jump for pussy to succeed in, and up to the present they have been right. So tame are the birds when building, and so satisfied of protection, that they did not show any anxiety when workmen were close by them coating the walls with a silica preparation, some of which was washed over their unfinished nest.

The second of these attached nests was made this year. It is much larger than the first, and has a different sort of entrance. The way into the first nest is by a round hole just in the middle and at the top of its convex curve. The second one is entered by a large irregular aperture in the left-hand corner, being a space left in the construction, by not carrying the edge of the nest at that place up to the wall of the house. This mode of entrance might be thought extremely inconvenient, but the birds constantly approach it at a right angle and make a sudden sharp turn into it, with no diminution of their customary speed. This performance will remind the old coach traveller of the way in which four horses and the vehicle were suddenly whisked round at Guildford, and got through an entrance that was barely wide enough for their admission, and at right angles to the road.

Three nests were made two or three years ago under the eaves of a lower part of the house on the north side, but well protected against the violence of wind and rain. The droppings from the young birds being inconvenient at this spot, a board was put under the nests to catch them. The birds did not approve of this alteration, and took the trouble to construct fresh abodes in worse positions rather than put up with it. Perhaps the board was placed nearer to the nests than they approved of. It might also have offered too convenient a resting-place for enemies wishing to attack them, which once happened when one nest was used by other birds.

It is well known that the house martin will often make experiments, before de-

termining the site of a nest, by sticking little bits of mud to a wall; but works of this kind have been noticed for several years when no more nests seemed to be wanted for that season. Were these elementary building lessons for the benefit of the rising generation, or preparations for a subsequent season? The latter may be probable, though why should they put some dozen or more patches all of a row when only a few would be used? Anyhow, those who had not been builders in a previous year would have an opportunity of seeing how the process was commenced.

In "The Birds of Sherwood Forest," an interesting book by Mr. Sterland, the writer, speaks of the eaves of buildings, or corners of windows as the most favourite spots for martins building, "but," he adds, "I have never met with a nest in such places open at the top, as I have frequently seen it represented in works of natural history. In one recent book, the illustrations of which are generally very faithful, the nest is figured as a shallow dish fixed to a wall and entirely open at the top. Surely this must be a mistake, or if drawn from nature it cannot be taken as the type of the nest of this species. All that I have ever seen have had their walls carried up until they met the projection under which they were built, leaving a rounded hole immediately under the angle of the tile, or cornice."

In none of the nests which it is the purpose of this paper to describe could the form be likened to "shallow dishes," but the open tops have been in common. Mr. Sterland is not likely to be mistaken in his observations, and if open-topped nests have been unknown in the regions of his observation, it is strange that they should be found elsewhere. The inference seems to be that variations from a normal pattern may be local; and perhaps a careful comparison of the building proceedings of the martins in different counties might throw light upon their ways, and lead to a higher view of their intelligence.

I may be fortunate in having my house frequented by a more experimental race of martins than are common, and there may be an advanced thinker among them, analogous to the reformers who sometimes spring up amongst stagnant tribes of men. I cannot, however, venture to flatter myself that this is the true explanation until I hear the result of careful inquiries in other quarters. All I can

say is, that the martins' nests round my roofs exhibit nearly as much variety in form as the houses of the human folk in the village below, and a reason can usually be seen for the variations they display. Open-topped nests have been found in the most sheltered places. When the birds' abodes have been built in couples, like the semi-detached villas in the outskirts of towns, the entrances have been arranged so as not to come too close together. The distances are sufficient to render collisions of out-going and in-going birds improbable, and I notice other adaptations of means to ends.

In summer the martin families seem scarcely to sleep at all. At midnight and at early morn the young ones twitter. Late in the evening the parents keep up their elegant flight, and they are at it again as twilight passes into dawn.

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From The Spectator.

#### UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

VERY few Englishmen, we imagine, care to argue out even in their own minds the question of Universal Suffrage. Mr. Chamberlain preaches the doctrine at Sheffield, Sir Charles Dilke at Chelsea, and Mr. Bradlaugh everywhere, but we greatly doubt if it has ever received from the mass of the people much serious consideration. Their instinct, we take it, is for household suffrage, or rather married-man suffrage, — for confining the electoral power to those who have some visible responsibilities, or contribute in a direct manner both to municipal and imperial taxation. Universal suffrage has never been proposed here by any responsible statesman, and its advocacy on the hustings would, we imagine, rather damage than increase the chances of a candidate. The interest taken in the proposal here is only an interest of dislike, but on the Continent the case is very different indeed. Opinion there is violently divided as to its value, its meaning, and its desirableness, the division being by no means the usual one between Liberals and Conservatives, — those who reverence the past, and those who can look only towards the future. In France, for example, all Conservatives dread manhood suffrage, as tending to the permanent danger of property and religion; while Liberals vote for it earnestly, as the best defence of the country against a clerical régime. In Italy, however, all

Liberals of all schools resist the lowering of the suffrage, fearing the influence of the priests upon the masses; while the upper classes are divided, according as politics or theology happen to influence their minds. In Germany, Prince Bismarck introduced the new principle into the Imperial Parliament, avowedly as a Conservative measure; while moderate statesmen like Dr. Simson appear to doubt whether in the long run universal suffrage will tend to strengthen the Liberal party, or the Conservative party, or the party which is supposed to be more or less menacing property. In Spain it is very doubtful whether true universal suffrage would not restore Isabella to the throne, while in Denmark it certainly would try one of those strange and entirely novel experiments of which all men who have read history have an instinctive dread. It may be worth while, therefore, while all Europe is pondering over the method, and it is longed for or feared by rising parties in Great Britain, just to see for a moment what are the arguments for or against a scheme on which no two European politicians of the practical kind seem able to agree.

The first, and in our judgment the best, argument for universal suffrage is that it does in some degree recognize the dignity of manhood, the existence of citizenship, apart altogether from adventitious circumstances, such as wealth, education, or political intelligence; that it is, in fact, universal, and not partial, an idea necessarily very strong in countries which have established the Conscription. If a man is forced to die for his country, he is surely entitled, Frenchmen say, to vote as to the merit or demerit of the policy he is to die for. The consequences of his vote have little to do with the matter. He has a right to it, as he has to keep living, though his death might be a public advantage. The next gain from such a suffrage is the enormous force which a mass vote adds to the Executive, a force absolutely needful in emergencies so great that to obtain safety the population must assent, at least by acquiescence, in the great measure to be proposed. Nothing, for instance, could save Prussia in certain contingencies except the conviction, drilled into her people by two centuries of danger, that every man must become a disciplined and effective soldier. There is a mass vote thrown in Prussia to that effect in every serious contingency, and irregularly or silently as it is taken, it is the very foundation of

the recent Imperial policy. Then universal suffrage undoubtedly throws the responsibility of all acts upon the people who commit them, and compels them to feel that law is not a hostile agency, but one which they themselves have put upon themselves, and are therefore bound to uphold. There cannot be a doubt, for example, that the easy working of the Code Napoleon in France, the total absence of any party which even hopes to overthrow it, is due to its acceptance by the people in so unanimous a manner as to amount to a direct assent which, indeed, has been three times more or less directly registered at the polls by the plébiscites for Napoleon, who, it was certain, would not touch the Code. In other words, it is certain that universal suffrage does gratify a natural desire for the honourable position of full citizen, and does impart to an Executive acting in accordance with its will a quite irresistible strength.

These are powerful reasons for adopting a form of revealing national will which is very much dreaded, if not detested, in England; but the arguments on the other side are still to be heard, and they seem to us just as strong, and in some most essential points much stronger. In the first place, universal suffrage gains its tremendous force—a force we quite admit, a force which, for example, so utterly crushed General Cavaignac, at the head of all his legions and the Bureaucracy, that in a day he was changed from ruler of France into a historical and half-forgotten personage—at the price of being utterly illogical. If mere citizenship, the mere obligation to pay taxes, to obey the law, to suffer for the country, constitute a moral right to vote, then women are illogically excluded, and with their admission, half the force of universal suffrage would be lost, inasmuch as, admitting for the moment the full equality of the sexes, the political arguments acting upon their minds would of necessity be essentially different. Supposing them equally adapted to politics, which we should deny, still their vote would not be thrown for the same reasons as those which move men to action. There exists, especially on the Continent, an antagonism between, not the sexes, but their politics, which would in all probability paralyze universal suffrage and render it unable to decide on any ecclesiastical policy, on any policy with respect to finance, and on any policy of peace or war,—women, as a rule, whenever their national pride is

touched, being decidedly more warlike than men. Supposing, however, the illogical position still maintained, as it would be in Catholic countries and is still in America, the grand objection to manhood suffrage revives in all its force,—that it is an irresistible power, with strong tendencies to despotism, necessarily guided by inadequate intelligence, and driven mainly, not by thought or the sober interests of life, but by fluctuating motion. The duty of voting is best performed by those who are personally interested in the result of voting—that is, by those who, in the brutal phrases alone wide enough to cover suffrage questions, have some “stake in the country”—who are sufficiently tied in one way or another to know they must suffer for any mishap; who will think, or at worst follow a leader instead of rushing away with an idea. Boys are bad voters, because they think everything possible, believe every evil can be cured by legislation, and cannot perceive the advantages of compromise. It takes time and it takes experience to make a sound, reasonable voter, and especially a voter who is not to vote directly, as in a plébiscite, but to choose the man who is to exercise his fraction of direct voting-power. We quite admit this reasoning would, if it stood by itself, and were carried out to its logical conclusion, reduce the electorate to a very limited body; but we have already acknowledged the necessity of force in the State, of body as well as brain, and the only point is to find the easiest point of compromise. This is, as we believe, to admit the whole nation, minus those too young or too little settled to be able to use their power with discretion as well as energy. We say the whole nation, because it is the peculiar claim of household-suffrage that it does admit the whole nation when ready, that it is true to the principle of equality, and excludes no one the moment he has reached a point at which he feels the burdens as well as enjoys the privileges of citizenship. Every other device hitherto tried upon the Continent for limiting the suffrage breaks down,—either because, like the Italian, it insists on some test of wealth; or because, like the Prussian, it cleaves the community horizontally by a system of “orders,” which, unequal in numbers, are equal in power; or because, like Louis Philippe’s suffrage, it goes so far that the electorate becomes corruptible; or, like our own old suffrage, because it lacks the needful physical force to back its decisions. A

limitation by age, the panacea of many Constitution-seekers, is a bad test, because visibly directed against one set of opinions; while marriage, M. Belcastel's test, shuts out too many of the most influential class. There is we, believe, but one suffrage which is strictly national, which recognizes absolute equality, and which nevertheless can be relied on for the kind of steadiness and persistency which enables statesmen to prepare any policy at all, and that is household suffrage, the one form never tried in any great country of the Continent, though there, from the vast numbers of small properties, it would yield to the State even more force than it possesses here. It was not, as grave writers affirm, till New York City abandoned household suffrage that corruption entered the municipality.

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From The Saturday Review.

#### FRANCE AND ITALY.

To have the Romish clergy as enemies is troublesome enough, and is a severe call even on the energies of Prince Bismarck. But it is still worse to have them as friends, to be thought their especial favourites, and to have to rule so as to please them and satisfy their requirements. The French Government is to a large extent a Government of those whom the clergy delight to honour, and whose fortunes are linked with those of the priests. The Duke of Broglie and his colleagues may not perhaps be all that their ecclesiastical supporters could wish; but they are very anxious to receive such support as the French clergy can give them, and are not disinclined to go considerable lengths to purchase this assistance. The Ministerial organs are never weary of repeating that it is essential in the eyes of every wise Frenchman that other people, and especially other people in a humble rank of life, should be religious; and to obey the priests and to be ready to look at everything from a clerical point of view is the only conception of religion that is ever recognized by French journalists as worth discussing. The priests, as a rule, are quite willing to render the services which their political allies require, and at every election the Government candidate is backed up by the priests, is spoken of as marked out by Heaven to represent the constituency, and is pushed forward by the lavish

use of ecclesiastical arts and arguments. But in proportion as the Government trusts more and more to the priests to befriend it, the priests become less able to render it effectual service. The most marked result of the War of 1870 is one which could scarcely have been expected to have arisen from it. It is a growing and a very violent breach between the masses of the French people and the priests. The feeling is not confined to the lowest classes, nor to the inhabitants of towns, nor even to men. There is a repugnance to the priests, and an alarm at their designs, and a detestation of them as the secret causes of the War of 1870, which is found even in Brittany, and is spread generally throughout France. That the priests dragged France into the late disastrous war, that it is to the priests that almost every family owes the loss of some well-known face in its home circle, and that it is the priests who have made sugar and oil and soap and candles enormously dear by the new taxation which the war has made necessary, is the firm belief of the suffering heads of countless humble households from Calais to Nice. The Government has with it not only the priests but the great bulk of the upper classes, all that in the provinces is known as society, the minor professional, the financial, and perhaps the military worlds. But it makes no way with the masses. It is as unpopular in remote hamlets as in large towns, and this, not because humble Frenchmen have any dislike to the President or to the Dukes who rule under him, or any strong attachment to any other men or form of government, but simply because they think that the success of the present Government means the triumph of the priests. The Ministers have, it may be believed, no wish to become the humble servants of the clergy. They feel like the Count of Chambord, who has often said that, if he were on the throne, he would show the priests that they must keep their place and respect their King. The Duke of Broglie is not likely to be entirely blind to the harm that the alliance of the priests does him. He seeks at present to prop himself up, not by humouring the priests any further, but by various small political devices, by getting authority to appoint between thirty and forty thousand mayors all to his own taste, and by recasting the electoral law. It is the policy of his Cabinet just now to impose some sort of restraint on the priests, and to seem in some trifling de-

gree independent of them. But the head of the Ministry has a hard, if not a hopeless, task before him, if he proposes to overcome the suspicion and dislike with which he and his party are regarded in very large sections of French society, not on their own account, but because they are associated in popular estimation with the priests; and to the account of the priests is set down, partly justly and partly unjustly, the larger portion of the terrible misfortunes which France has had to endure, and the shock of which is even now deeply and widely felt.

One consequence of the alliance between the Government and the priests is that the Ministry is always getting into difficulties in the region of foreign politics; and very naturally it is with Italy that its relations are of the most varying and complex character. The priests make, and from their point of view naturally and properly make, the restoration of the Pope's temporal power the supreme aim of all their political efforts. That the Pope should have been robbed of his temporal power by the King of Italy is mortifying enough, but it is doubly mortifying to think that he was enabled to accomplish his robbery by means of the very war which the priests exerted themselves to bring about in order that their views might gain a greater ascendancy. The majority of the Assembly would, at least in the early days of the existence of the body to which they belong, have been delighted to go to war with Italy and restore Rome to the Pope if they had dared, and probably the Ministry of the Duke of Broglie would be very glad to do so now. The Italians are thoroughly persuaded that, if there was a real Legitimist Government in France, Italy would be soon called on to fight; and during the autumn months of last year, when the designs of the Fusionists seemed likely to be crowned with success, the Italian Government thought it necessary to spend large sums, which could very ill be spared, in preparation for defence. The present French Government disclaims any intention of thwarting or threatening Italy, and in the present state of French opinion a war of any kind would be almost impossible, and a war to please the priests would be entirely so. Even the Count of Chambord had the good sense to see that he must let it be understood that he did not propose to begin his reign by dragging France into a crusade. But, on the other hand, the priests are

the allies of the present Government, and something must be done to please them. It need not be anything of any importance, but it must be something which may be supposed likely to give pain or annoyance to the Italians, and so remind them that France is really on the side of the Vatican in the great Italian quarrel. In return the Italians view everything that the French Government does with sensitiveness and suspicion, and see intimations of unfriendliness in very small acts. The upshot is that France is always doing something in a tiny, safe way to annoy the Italians, and the Italians are always on the watch for some ground to be annoyed. In 1870 a French man-of-war called the *Orénoque* was sent to Cività Vecchia to be at the service of the Pope in case he chose to leave Rome, and there the vessel has remained ever since. Its presence is forgotten for the greater part of the year, but at the beginning of each year the thrilling question arises whether the captain of the *Orénoque* is to go to pay his respects to the Pope without also paying them to Victor Emmanuel, in whose harbour the ship is lying. It is exactly the kind of thing priests like to squabble about, and to get the visit of the captain paid to the Pope only is a triumph eminently calculated to stir their ambition. A terrible controversy raged this winter as to what the captain was to do, and the priests at last scattered their adversaries like dust by announcing that the French Government had decided to let the captain pay his respects to the Pope only. Fortunately the captain was a sensible man. When the day came for him to pay his visit, he discovered that he had sprained his arm, and could not visit any one. So neither party exactly triumphed, although the priests seem entitled to say that, if the Captain had not sprained his arm, he would have had to offer a trumpery mark of disrespect to the King of Italy; and as this is the only political triumph the priests have actually achieved in their contest with Italy for a long time, it would be unfair not to let them make the most of it.

In the last few days there has been another squabble of an equally undignified kind. Colonel de la Haye, a French military attaché in Italy, died, and was to have been buried in the French church of St. Louis; but, in accordance with custom, some officers of the Italian army, and among them Prince Humbert, proposed as a mark of respect to attend



the ceremony; on which M. de Courcelle, the French representative at the Vatican, ordered that the funeral should not take place in the French church, which is under his control, and it took place in another church, Prince Humbert and several Italian officers being present. The Italians looked on the intervention of the French Minister as an insult to the Heir-Apparent, and the Minister himself seems so far ashamed of himself that he now seeks to attribute what he did to a difficulty of etiquette, inasmuch as in the French church the Minister of France always takes the place of honour, and he wished to avoid taking precedence when so great a person as Prince Humbert was present. That he should be driven to such an explanation is perhaps, in the vicissitudes of this tiny diplomatic struggle, a greater gain to the Italians than his forbidding the funeral was a loss to them. But, although the Italians may perhaps be inclined sometimes to see slights when none are meant, they are quite justified in saying that the French Government marks its ill-will to them in ways that are unmistakable. The French Government is perpetually making little shifts and using little arts to avoid having a diplomatic representative at the Court of Victor Emmanuel. It does not venture to say openly that it will have no representative at his Court, but somehow the representative is never there. For months it was left uncertain whether M. Fournier was or was not continued in his function, until at last the Marquis of Noailles was selected to replace him; but the Marquis was at Washington, and it was discovered that his services there could not be immediately spared. All this is extremely petty, and very inconsistent with the dignity of France. It must be said, in defence of the present French Ministry,

that they only continue to treat Italy very much as M. Thiers treated it when he was in power. But, since the liberation of the territory, the time has come when, if France is to preserve its self-respect, it must have a clear foreign policy and pursue it openly. It professes as part of its foreign policy to be on good terms with Italy, and declares that the seizure of Rome is not regarded as a ground of unfriendliness. If so, it ought to treat Italy with proper respect and good taste, and to scorn the appearance of desiring to subject a weaker Power to miserable little annoyances and affronts. At the request of the German Government, the French Ministry has lately issued a circular to the French bishops inviting them in courteous but plain language, not to use language about Germany which might get France into trouble. When it comes to the point the Government is always ready to show that it will not allow the priests to get up a new war, or even to embroil the relations of France with foreign Powers. But there is something very mean in proclaiming, and in the main following, this line of policy, and in being ready at the request of the conquerors of France to give the clergy an open rebuke, and at the same time in giving an inferior Power like Italy a succession of covert kicks and snubs. It would be exceedingly impolitic, but it would not be undignified, if France chose to break off diplomatic relations with Italy; but it is both undignified and impolitic in France to maintain apparently friendly relations with Italy, and yet to use these relations as a means of perpetually contriving some petty mark of dislike towards the Italians, just big enough to make the Italians feel it, and just small enough to give them no ground of serious complaint.

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**THE VINEGAR POLYP.**—A very singular present has been made to the aquarium of the Jardin d'Acclimatation at Paris; it is a medusa polyp, which, on the day after its entry into the pool assigned to it, had created a void around it, and skilfully got rid of all its neighbours. How? This was a mystery until the water of the pool was analyzed; the water was found to be converted into a solution of vinegar, and it was apparent that it was one of

those very rare molluscs, the vinegar polyp, whose body when plunged into pure water gives presently a strongly characterized acetic solution. The working of this animal is very curious; it produces alcohol, which is transformed into vinegar. The poisonous mollusc was, of course, quickly withdrawn and placed in clarified vinegar in a closed jar, where it will pursue undisturbed the economical manufacture of vinegar.